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THE INTRODUCTION OF THE FRANCHISE BILL.

IN introducing the measure officially called "The Representation of the People Bill," but which in other quarters is disrespectfully described as The Continuance in Office Bill, Mr. GLADSTONE had before him an easy and congenial task. He had a great opportunity for making the kind of speech in which he excels, and for again asserting his belief in the capacity of the majority of the nation to exercise power with wisdom and moderation. The speech was not eloquent, as indeed Mr. GLADSTONE'S addresses never are in any high sense of the word, the opinion of his partisans to the contrary notwithstanding. It was a lucid account of what the Bill is to do, and was almost free from the empty rhetoric which passes for eloquence with the critics of the Ministerial party. Mr. GLADSTONE went over the whole ground with his undoubted power of stating a complicated mass of details so as to make them clear to anybody who chooses to listen or read with a moderate degree of attention. He, in fact, did for the new Franchise Bill what he has done for so many Budgets. Enemies and friends alike must confess that he has stated the changes about to be made in the structure of the constituencies so as to leave their nature wholly beyond doubt. With extraordinary ingenuity, he contrived at once to make the most of those changes and yet to seem to minimize them. Although the PRIME MINISTER may have persuaded himself that he has little to fear from opposition, he was careful to conciliate the majority of his hearers, who, in their hearts, are afraid of any extension of the franchise, by dwelling on the much which the Bill leaves untouched. When the representation of wealth has been swamped by a flood of new votes belonging wholly to the wage-earning class, it is a matter of comparatively little importance that the property vote for the counties will be left nominally untouched. Both parties are afraid to defend the faggot vote publicly, although both have made, and do make, free use of it. When Mr. GLADSTONE showed how he proposes to attack this useful method of indirectly increasing the representation of property, he could safely rely on the support which every member of Parliament is bound by decency to give to plans for securing what is called the purity of election. He descanted on the other and more congenial side of his subject, the vast changes which the Bill will bring about, with manifest satisfaction. The new service, lodger, and household franchises of the counties were detailed at length. If Mr. GLADSTONE made any attempt to be eloquent in the course of his speech, it was in the passages in which he compared the timid measures of the first Reform Bill, and the half-hearted courage of the second, with the magnificent addition he now proposes to make to the constituencies. A big number always produces a considerable effect on a certain class of mind, and there are very many of Mr. GLADSTONE'S followers in and out of the House who will be ready to believe that the Bill is a greater measure of reform than either of its predecessors, simply because it will add two million votes to the register.

It is no disparagement of Mr. GLADSTONE'S Parliamentary courage to assume that the numerical weakness of the Conservative Opposition increased his enjoyment of the work he had to do. He cannot have enjoyed the opportunity of making a masterly *précis* of his Bill the less because he knew that at the bottom of their hearts the Conservatives, and no small part of his own followers, are utterly opposed to any further extension of the franchise,

though the latter cannot venture to say so. That knowledge must have added considerably to the pleasure of showing active opponents and unwilling followers exactly how he proposes to do just what they dread to see done. It probably added further piquancy to this gratification that Lord HARTINGTON must have listened to his Chief's demonstration of the necessity of including Ireland in the Bill with feelings of a very mixed kind. If the crude truth had been told, or is to be told at any future stage of the debate, it would be that in point of fact the exact means to be used for nearly doubling the number of voters are matters of comparatively little importance. The essential thing is that, if this Bill passes in anything like the form in which it has been produced, the whole political power of the three kingdoms will be thrown into the hands of the working class. It is a merely plausible concession to leave a vote to the holder of 10*l.* clear yearly value in land free from the necessity of residence, even though it is to be no longer necessary that the holding should include a tenement. The voters who represent property will remain a fixed number. No addition can be made to them by any measure of the Legislature. But the addition to be made to the representation of the working class is enormous. Every one of the two million new voters will be added to his one part of the constituency. A complete alteration of the balance of political power of this kind cannot but be hateful to the Conservatives, and at least very unwelcome to the moderate Liberals. There is yet considerable hope that the Bill may be opposed on the ground that what it proposes to do will be bad in itself. Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, who has the courage of his opinions, did indeed state the actual truth, and gave the best of all possible reasons for condemning the Bill, when he declared that the new voters will be ignorant and indifferent to politics. Other members, no doubt, will be found to speak with equal frankness. Unfortunately, Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL had less to support him when he fell into the gratuitous error of prophecy and predicted defeat for the Ministry. Mr. GLADSTONE'S Ministry has undoubtedly been discredited in many ways; but if it had fallen into a state of exhaustion, the Franchise Bill is directly intended to revive it. Watery followers may possibly be rallied by a Radical measure. It may seem too much to hope that the Whigs who have submitted to so much will risk their cherished popularity with the constituencies, such as it is, by deserting their leader when he is engaged in doing what may be plausibly represented as the natural consequence of the traditional policy of their party. It is easy enough to prove to the satisfaction of any thinking man that the possession of a vote is not an innate right. That it can be proved to the satisfaction of the majority of electors is quite another thing. Workmen are doubtless as much pleased to possess a privilege as anybody else; and it may be that they are at present convinced, as far as they have any political convictions, that what power they already have will be increased by being conferred in greater quantities on their class. Moderate Liberals and Conservatives alike are well aware of the fact, and have hitherto hesitated to tell the majority of their supporters that the part of the population to which they belong is not to be trusted with political power.

Since it is obvious that Lord HARTINGTON'S scruples have been removed or suppressed on second thoughts, the Bill will gain no little support by what is beyond all question its most dangerous element. If that revival of independence

among the Whigs which is predicted from time to time were to be hoped for at all, it might have been expected to show itself when it is gravely proposed to swamp the Irish constituencies with voters who are sure to be the docile instruments of disloyal agitators. Lord HARTINGTON has, however, made no sign. He has eaten his words at home, and is now apparently prepared to give the Bill and all the Bill his steady support. In thus sacrificing his opinions to his party, the moderate Liberal leader will have the pleasure of acting with the Irish members of the Nationalist party. Nobody can accuse them of suppressing their principles, since it is their manifest advantage to support a measure which must largely increase their power. The discipline which has drilled the Whigs into obedience is relied on to keep them steady on the question of combining a measure of redistribution with the Franchise Bill. In and out of the House there is a natural unwillingness to leave it in the power of the Radicals to dissolve Parliament with the present constituencies just flooded with their friends; and this unwillingness may develop into a successful opposition to Mr. GLADSTONE's determination to leave the matter to another Session. Nothing can be more fatal to the interests of the country than to assume that the hitherto proved fidelity of his followers is wholly impervious to argument. There is yet a place for repentance even in the majority on the vote of confidence last week.

EGYPT.

IT is rather surprising that no opponent of the Opposition has as yet hit upon a certain argument why Lord SALISBURY and Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE should not pester the Government for declarations of policy. That argument is that, as the Government have no policy, it is utterly unjust to expect them to declare it. In the same way it may be considered unfair to demand information as to what General GRAHAM is going to do. It is very doubtful whether General GRAHAM himself knows; it is nearly certain that the Government does not. The truth is that, never since there was such a thing as an English army, was any force in such an extraordinary plight as this luckless scratch expedition which has been got together at Souakim. It was sent, if it was sent to do anything, to relieve Tokkar, and this, as everybody knew, it was too late to do. It is larger than is required to hold Souakim; it is too small to march up the country to Kassala or Berber, even if it had transport for that purpose, which it has not, or if the Government intended it to march up the country, which, at any rate when it was first sent, they certainly did not intend it to do. It has no quarrel with its nominal adversaries; for the Soudan has been declared independent, the garrison of Tokkar capitulated freely, and the Government expressly declares that the Sinkat massacre was an affair for which it had no responsibility whatever, and which therefore it cannot properly avenge. Some fervent Ministerialists apparently seem to think it a good opportunity to show that Mr. GLADSTONE can when he chooses do something else than order capitulations and retirements; but a campaign from this point of view must be left to the advocacy of professional philanthropists. If the Eastern Soudan is going to be cleared, well and good; but it is perfectly certain that General GRAHAM's force was not sent to clear the Eastern Soudan, and equally certain that it is inadequate to that task. It may go somewhere, have a refreshing fight, and come back; after which, if Mr. GLADSTONE likes, it may march up Piccadilly. But the *rationale* of the whole proceeding will remain exactly as obscure as it is at the present moment. When there was something for it to do, the Government would not send it; when it is sent, they will not say what it has got to do; and when it is evident that there is nothing for it to do in reason, they decline to give any explanation of its existence. It was not our business, they say, to prevent General BAKER's men from being killed; but it is, it seems, our mission to bury them. It would have been wicked of us to prevent the throats of the women and children at Sinkat from being cut; but we are entitled to punish the cutters. All this, it may be frankly confessed, is too wonderful and excellent for the plain man; and his natural confusion is not greatly alleviated by the violent cries of "Hush!" which are set up directly he asks for a little explanation. He may be ready to go very great lengths; to admit that it is a capital thing for English soldiers to go anywhere and fight anybody. But

if it be so, why was it such a very bad and intolerable thing that they should do this a month ago, when three or four thousand lives would have been saved by so doing? *Abyssus abyssum vocat*, and there is no answer. It is difficult to imagine that any Doctor in Politics, Irrefragable, Subtle, Angelic, or other, can tell us what, on Gladstonian principles, is the business of General GRAHAM's force at the present moment.

It would be paying the reader a very bad compliment to suppose him likely to mistake the drift of this argument. From Mr. GLADSTONE's point of view, from any point of view possible to a devout but reasonable Gladstonian (if such a thing there be), General GRAHAM's position is utterly incomprehensible, or utterly indefensible if comprehended. From any point of view whatever it is awkward, inconsistent, and fraught with difficulty. But Englishmen who are Englishmen (though they may not agree with Lord WOLSELEY as to the exceeding greatness and gloriousness of the possibilities of the present moment) have little doubt what it ought to do, and why it ought to do it. Not for the first time the sublime mismanagement of Mr. GLADSTONE's Ministry, their irresolution—their reluctance to shed blood, if anybody pleases—has made bloodshed all but inevitable. The disgraces of Teb and Sinkat can only be washed away, the danger of greater disgraces and disasters, both in Nubia and in Egypt proper, can only be averted, either by giving the Arabs a sound beating or by forcing them to confess that Englishmen are their masters by declining battle and submitting. This, of course, is shocking to Mr. LABOUCHERE and Sir WILFRID LAWSON; and it is only fair to admit that Mr. LABOUCHERE and Sir WILFRID LAWSON are quite consistent in being shocked at it, and can exclaim at some of their own friends who are not shocked with considerable justice and force. Mr. GLADSTONE is doing at Souakim exactly what he refused to do—what he professed to be ineffably shocked at the bare notion of doing—after Majuba. He is fighting to recover prestige and to repair the effect of blunders. It is a very shameful thing, no doubt, that there should be any need for this; but the shame is concerned with the past, not with the present. If, as the only possible explanation of General GRAHAM's proceedings implies, he has been commissioned to "find and beat" OSMAN DIGNA, his orders are in themselves very good orders. That they never ought to have been made necessary, that they could have been with the greatest ease made unnecessary, and that the fact of their being necessary is a proof of the utter incompetence of the Government, is a different matter. And it is a different matter still that the expedition is anything but well organized for its purpose, and that by simply retiring further OSMAN DIGNA can reduce General GRAHAM to a position of ludicrous helplessness and futility. That is another proof of the utter incompetence of the Government. But, so far as the find and beat order, if it exists, goes, it is a lucid interval, a deviation into sense, and as such one may be thankful for it, and hopeful for a good result.

It is not equally easy to be thankful for the news from Khartoum, for the restrictions which have hitherto made it impossible either decidedly to praise or decidedly to blame General GORDON's proceedings still exist. Still, those proceedings have been merely preliminary, and they have been confined to a friendly town where General GORDON has a large force at his disposal. The jubulations over their "success" which have been uttered seem to argue either a remarkable want of judgment or a remarkable oblivion of the facts of the case. It is surely not difficult for any one, let alone General GORDON, to "succeed" in remitting debts, halving taxation, giving cheques on Cairo, and so forth, with full powers to do all this. It might be supposed from what has been said in some quarters that, if General GORDON had not been General GORDON, the prisoners in the Khartoum gaol would have hugged their fetters, the taxpayers would have burst into tears at not being allowed to pay full taxes, and the slaveholders would have formed a solemn league and covenant to resist to the last man the permission of slavery. Before the mission can be said to have succeeded, it must be seen how General GORDON gets on with the MAHDI, with the rebels on the Blue Nile, with the bands who keep SLATEN BEY shut up in Darfour, and LUPTON BEY cut off in the recesses of Bahr el Gazal. He may—everybody hopes he will—succeed completely. But his success up to this moment is no guarantee of this real success, the conditions being totally different. He has no worse enemies than the silly people who gush over his miraculous achievements in persuading debtors to take a

receipt for their debts and slaveholders to go on holding slaves. Soon, no doubt, it will be seen what he really intends to do, and whether his intentions include what has been well and succinctly called "the MAHDI at Khartoum." That they do this is hardly believable, and it will take very strong and novel reasons to justify them if they do include it. But it may be pointed out that all his actions hitherto, the reduction of taxation, the legitimizing of slavery, and so forth, point distinctly in another direction. If, according to the preposterous plan which CHERIF PASHA refused, the whole course of the Nile above the second cataract is to be left to chance and the MAHDI next week, next month, or next year, there can be no sense or reason in General GORDON issuing any regulations about taxes, about the slave-trade, or about anything else. He has simply to proclaim "To your tents, O 'Soudanese," to intimate that in those tents each man may do what is right in his own eyes, and to retire. That is pretty evidently not the policy, or anything like the policy, which he contemplates.

THE SPEAKERSHIP.

SIR HENRY BRAND is fortunate in having secured the respect and attachment of all parties in the House of Commons. Even Mr. PARNELL, though for political reasons he refused to concur in the vote of thanks, acknowledged the personal courtesy with which the SPEAKER had treated himself and his followers. Only one or two ill-bred Irish members took occasion when the SPEAKER left the chair to withhold from him the ordinary marks of courtesy. When Mr. BRAND was selected as the successor of Mr. DENISON some doubt was entertained whether a former Parliamentary Secretary of the Treasury was the fittest candidate for the office. A Government "Whip" is necessarily and properly a partisan; but it may be added that he has also something of a diplomatic character. He has to maintain amicable relations with similar functionaries on the opposite benches; and it is only by a conciliatory demeanour that he can discharge the duty of furnishing his chief with information as to the opinion and temper of the House. A man of the world and a man of business, he is extremely unlikely to be a political bigot or fanatic. Systematic and exclusive devotion to the interests of a Parliamentary party is scarcely compatible with enthusiasm. The doubt as to Mr. BRAND's qualifications was soon dismissed; and experience has justified the general confidence in his impartiality. It happens by an odd coincidence that Mr. ARTHUR PEEL held a corresponding position when his party was out of office; but he had not time to perform its functions either before or after the change of Government. His political superiors must then have given him credit for the possession of tact, moderation, and good sense. Possibly Mr. GLADSTONE may not even have remembered that he was once a Parliamentary manager of the Liberal party. Sir HENRY BRAND has, during his occupation of the Chair, never exhibited unseemly preference of his former colleagues and allies. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE's speech in seconding Mr. GLADSTONE's motion was evidently as sincere as it was cordial.

It was not merely in accordance with conventional form that the retiring SPEAKER attributed his success to the loyal co-operation of the House. At least, in the earlier part of his tenure of office he profited by the tradition that the honour of the House of Commons is concerned in maintaining the dignity and authority of the Chair. It has sometimes been remarked, in disparagement of the qualities required in a Speaker, that nearly all the occupiers of the office have been successful and popular. A part of the credit belongs to the Prime Ministers, with whom the nomination has rested; but average Speakers have not been distinguished by extraordinary ability. ADDINGTON owed his promotion exclusively to the personal regard of PITT, who had six months before placed his friend and cousin, WILLIAM GRENVILLE, in the Chair. MITFORD, afterwards Lord REDESDALE, a learned and able lawyer, only held the post for a year. ABBOT, who was also a lawyer, had made a special study of the forms and customs of the House of Commons; and in spite of strong political prejudices he was prudent and impartial in the discharge of his office, though on one occasion he was thought to have been guilty of indiscretion in making a speech against a Catholic Relief Bill. MANNERS-SUTTON, though his abilities were below mediocrity, enjoyed a calm and peaceful reign during

the earlier portion of his career. After the passage of the Reform Bill, Lord GREY and Lord ALTHORP paid him the compliment of reappointing him for the purpose of reducing the reformed House of Commons to discipline; but in 1835 during PEEL's short administration he was defeated by a narrow majority, some members justifying a strictly party vote by imputations on the fairness of the Speaker. It is not a little remarkable that the Duke of WELLINGTON during his abortive attempt to form a Government in 1832, had selected MANNERS-SUTTON to lead the House of Commons on the refusal of PEEL to engage in the hopeless adventure. Mr. GREVILLE records the forcible epithet by which LYNTHURST, after a two hours' interview, recorded his opinion of his proposed colleague. Mr. SHAW-LEFEVRE, who the other night witnessed the retirement of his second successor, has always been regarded as a model Speaker; and it may be said that Sir HENRY BRAND was equal to any former incumbent of the office.

The Opposition was well advised in finally declining to propose a candidate of its own. On such a question as the election of a Speaker either party can poll its whole strength, and there would have been no advantage in unnecessarily recording the great preponderance of the Liberal majority. The disaffected Irish members, indeed, might probably have once more taken the opportunity of voting against the Government; but their alliance, while it added no credit to the regular Opposition, would have furnished captious partisans with a pretext for denouncing an imaginary coalition. If Sir MATTHEW RIDLEY or any other suitable member of the Conservative party had been proposed, the object of the proceeding would have been to reserve to a possible majority the right of electing another Speaker in a future Parliament. A precedent for such a protest might have been found in the Whig nomination of Sir GILBERT ELLIOT on two separate occasions in the early part of PITT's long administration. FOX and his followers were aware that they must be defeated, nor had they any special objection to the choice of GRENVILLE or of ADDINGTON; but they wished to miss no opportunity of placing on record their want of confidence in the Minister. In the present instance, the right of the Conservatives to exercise an independent choice in another Parliament was sufficiently reserved by Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE in his speech of congratulation to the new Speaker. It is, on the whole, convenient that a neutral dignity should not derive its official title from an active party struggle. A contest is unavoidable where the House is almost equally divided, as at the time when Mr. SHAW-LEFEVRE defeated Mr. GOULBURN by a narrow majority; but it is not worth while to disturb, without the hope of any practical result, the ostensible unanimity of the House.

The ceremony of last Tuesday was conducted with faultless propriety. Mr. WHITBREAD, who is understood to have on a former occasion declined a nomination to the same office, imparted dignity by language and manner to phrases which were necessarily commonplace or formal. He perhaps laboured unnecessarily his answer to the imaginary objection that Mr. PEEL had formerly held office. The instances which he quoted were more than sufficient to illustrate an almost undisputed proposition. Under-Secretaries are probably for the most part not stronger partisans than ordinary supporters of the Ministers of the day. As Mr. WHITBREAD said, there is no reason why an actual Minister should not be chosen Speaker if he were otherwise the fittest person who could be selected. Mr. GOULBURN was under PEEL one of the principal leaders of his party, and within two years from his defeat he became Chancellor of the Exchequer. It would be not merely hypercritical, but unjust, to complain of the enunciation of truisms in a necessarily conventional address. Both Mr. WHITBREAD and Mr. RATHBONE referred to circumstances which were more practically relevant to the immediate occasion. There could be no objection to statements that the labours of the House of Commons and of its presiding officer are greatly increased by the growth of Parliamentary interference with the administration of current business, and with foreign and colonial affairs. Mr. RATHBONE offered a partial explanation of the change by referring to the instantaneous transmission of news from all parts of the Empire and of the world. It would have been unseasonable to mention the equally notorious fact that the best Parliamentary traditions have been rudely disturbed, not only by the immoderate loquacity of members, but by the intentional disloyalty of a perverse and troublesome section. It was more decorous to remind the

House that the SPEAKER is invested with new responsibilities. Neither the mover nor the seconder recalled the unwelcome circumstance that he has a new and rigorous code of procedure to administer.

The dignity of the new SPEAKER's demeanour and the good taste of his speech of acceptance left nothing to be desired. It is satisfactory to know that he commences the discharge of his duties with the advantage of having made a favourable impression on all his hearers. Both Mr. WHITBREAD and Mr. RATHBONE had naturally spoken of the name and descent which have probably contributed to his promotion; and Mr. GLADSTONE afterwards gracefully expressed his own grateful regard for the memory of his first political chief. Mr. PEEL himself said enough, and not too much, on the same gratifying subject. Hereditary pretensions always involve an element of becoming modesty, inasmuch as they involve an implicit disclaimer of personal merit. It will be interesting to watch the success of Sir ROBERT PEEL's youngest son in a new career of usefulness and distinction. If personal reminiscences had been appropriate to the occasion, Mr. PEEL might have strengthened Mr. WHITBREAD's defence of official or ex-official candidates for the office of Speaker. In the present instance the former Secretary of the Treasury had had the opportunity of proving that he was not a blind partisan. In 1880 he became a member of Mr. GLADSTONE's Government when Ireland was described on the highest authority as abnormally prosperous and tranquil. A few weeks afterwards it was found expedient in the interests either of Ireland or of the Cabinet suddenly to introduce the Disturbance Bill, which was afterwards rejected by a majority of Liberal peers. Mr. ARTHUR PEEL in a speech to his constituents intimated his disagreement with the novel system of legislation; and consequently, or at least subsequently, his health unfortunately rendered it necessary that he should resign his office. It is greatly to Mr. GLADSTONE's credit that he should not have further resented an exceptional display of independence. The SPEAKER's determination to be strictly impartial was expressed in a language and tone which evidently represented a strong conviction and a resolute purpose. Both parties will be anxious to support him in his endeavour to preserve order and freedom of discussion. Even if he should deem it necessary to exercise the powers which have recently been attached to his office, the House itself, and not its officer, will be responsible for his enforcement of invidious regulations.

DYNAMITE IN CLOAK-ROOMS.

THE latest attempt, or series of attempts, on the pockets of the New York housemaids does not materially differ from its forerunners. The first principle of Irish scoundrelism is "above all, no risk," the second is entire incuriousness as to the probable victims. Both conditions are so well fulfilled in the case of railway cloak-rooms that it is only surprising that they have not been selected by the advanced guard of the Parnellite party as battlefields before now. A parcel deposited on the steps of a building, on a window sill, or the like, is very likely to attract attention and suspicion. In a cloak-room it is among other parcels, and apparently at home. At the larger London stations the cloak-room business is, moreover, very considerable and extremely various, and a package must be of an extraordinarily tell-tale kind if it excites any particular misgiving in a busy and *blasé* porter or clerk. The American postmaster who drew the line at loose rattlesnakes was hardly more tolerant than such a clerk or porter is, by habit and necessity, likely to be. Nor is he at all likely to pay particular attention to the depositor; the voucher alone, not the *signalement* of the person obtaining or presenting it, is what he has to look to. Therefore the enterprise, which was partially successful at Victoria, and which was tried at Charing Cross and Paddington, has the first great charm to the Irish mind—that of almost absolute safety from detection. It has also the second and less explicable charm above referred to. It is nearly certain that the persons injured, if any, will not be persons even remotely connected with Saxon tyranny over Ireland, or with the nefarious desire of Englishmen to help landlords to some larger or smaller share of their rents. The few porters and inspectors who haunt stations at night are not usually members of Parliament, colonels in the army, or possessors of estates in Connaught.

The attraction of the particular form of crime for the criminals is thus partly evident, though as usual their

motive in committing the crime at all, unless it be that referred to in the first sentence, is still obscure. It may have been excusable in Irishmen to take Mr. GLADSTONE's word as to England being convertible by outrage, but it is not more than excusable. If they care to ascertain the state of English opinion at all, they may very easily discover what it is. A dozen of these dastardly crimes, or a score or a hundred, will not seriously frighten Englishmen, and still less will induce them to let Ireland go (whatever may be the partial propriety of the excursion, considering the behaviour of some Irishmen) her own way to the Devil. Unless some very much bolder or some very much cleverer scoundrels are hired than have yet been hired, no very serious damage of any kind will be done, save by accident. It may reasonably be asked of the United States that the present extraordinary facilities accorded to conspiracy in that country shall be curtailed. Scolding America is, however, both useless and undignified, and while our own Custom House officers are so lax in allowing the import of dynamite, we cannot greatly blame those of the United States for not stopping its export. But, as Irishmen themselves have been more than once warned, a state of feeling may be created by the repetition of these outrages which they will find vastly uncomfortable. The victims of these explosions have in no case been many, but still there have been victims; they have been mostly of the lower class, and they have no doubt each had his or her circle of personal friends and sympathizers. The state of feeling in these circles is not likely to be friendly towards Ireland and Irishmen. Nor, though there has been (except in the columns of the *Times*) no panic, and is, it may be hoped, likely to be none, is the perpetually renewed irritation caused by these attacks favourable to the country which, as an Irishman pathetically remarked the other day, "Irishmen so fondly, nay so 'madly love.'" Englishmen are extremely good-natured, rather unreasonable, slow to make up their minds, and easily placable; but they can be ill-tempered enough at times, and when their unreasonableness happens to be on the side of their ill-temper, it is bad for the objects of both. These are not by any means vague or idle words, though it is unnecessary and unadvisable to put them in an absolutely unambiguous fashion. Certain very well-known persons in Parliament might consider them with a great deal of advantage; and it may be that the next Irishman who is caught playing with dynamite will have cause to wish that he had considered them before so playing. Meanwhile, it is very curious that no kind of expression of disapproval ever comes from Mr. PARNELL's chief followers for these deeds; that they never, so far as is known, have raised a fund to compensate the victims; and that, whenever any rascal of the class concerned is brought to justice, they apparently take much interest in the said rascal, but none in the punishment or prevention of his crime. At every fresh outrage one naturally looks with eagerness for some eloquent and indignant protest from these indignant and eloquent persons, but somehow it is not made. This also may, perhaps, be considered when the day of reckoning comes. A few more explosions, and it may perhaps come quickly, and be a very ugly day for somebody.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S SHIPPING BILL.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S "Bill to provide for the greater Security of Life and Property at Sea" has been so openly drafted that its provisions were fully known before it was published. The printed measure contains nothing of importance which had not been threatened or promised already. Such slight modifications of the first scheme as are to be found had substantially been agreed to by the PRESIDENT of the BOARD of TRADE at Newcastle. In the "Memorandum" at the beginning the aims of the framer of the Bill are stated in the words made familiar by various Board of Trade circulars, and not a few speeches. The great majority of the public who like to know what a Bill is meant to do, but are not disposed to learn by the laborious process of wading through a hundred and one clauses and a schedule full of repetitions and technical terms how far its objects are likely to be obtained, may read this preface with general approval. They can do so at second hand with the more ease because the Memorandum is admirably adapted for conversion into leading article. It states Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's intentions in sentences which are statements of fact on the surface and

appeals to sentiment underneath. At the very threshold lies the cabalistic phrase that has done such excellent service already. "As to the first part," says this old preamble with a new face, "the leading principles on which the proposed amendment of the law is based are, first, that in no case should the loss of, or casualty to, a ship be a source of gain to her owner; and, secondly, that the loss of, or casualty to, a ship should in cases of avoidable negligence subject the owner to liability." The second part provides for the establishment of a court composed of a Government official, a delegate of the shipowners of each district, and a representative of its seafaring population. This court is to exercise those powers for the detention of unseaworthy ships hitherto exercised by the Board of Trade alone. A third part deals with the question of tonnage measurement. Few of those who learn the nature of the Bill are aware that the system of Board of Trade supervision established by Mr. PLIMSOLL'S Act has proved both ineffectual and irritating. Still fewer know or care anything about tonnage measurement; but everybody is inclined to approve of a Bill which is to protect the lives of sailors, and check the evil practices of shipowners who send badly-found ships to sea. It is, at least, to be presumed that one way of improving the condition of sailors is to allow them a voice in the measures to be taken for their protection. The Bill therefore comes out with all the prestige due to its excellent intentions; and prestige, as Radical Ministers are beginning to learn, is also a thing which has a solid value. At any rate, it is a nicer name for the art admired by the pious editor of immortal memory. Whoever opposes Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S Bill must be prepared to be told that he is a greedy, heartless capitalist, ready to make his ignoble gains at the risk of men's lives, or else the flunkey of these wicked persons.

This is a highly ingenious method of clearing the road for a Bill and providing oneself with an approving chorus; but it will probably fail, and ought to fail, in preventing opposition. Three-fourths of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S measure will doubtless be accepted without demur. It contains much that will please its stoutest opponents—the Insurance Companies and the shipowners. The interests of these bodies are not so distinct as the generally friendly critics of the Bill seem to think. Vessels sailing from other ports than London are commonly insured in clubs composed mainly of shipowners or shippers of cargo who are neither so ignorant nor so unbusinesslike as to indulge in a practice of over-insurance which would result in a loss all round. Still there are many Insurance Companies which will be glad of the restriction to be imposed on reckless or careless owners. A meeting of underwriters at Lloyd's has pronounced in favour of the clause making it the law that every policy is to include a tacit guarantee of seaworthiness on the part of the shipowner, by which all the responsibility for a common venture will be thrown on one of the parties. It has also expressed its satisfaction with the rule that insurance cases are to be tried without a jury. A letter written last December by the Secretary at Lloyd's explains this feeling in the most lucid style. At that date it had not been proposed to dispense with the jury, and the underwriters had serious fears that it would be difficult to secure a verdict for the insurer who, after accepting the premium, should refuse to pay the insurance. A judge may be trusted to administer the law uninfluenced by sentiment. Even for the shipowners there is much that will be acceptable in the Bill. The new courts will prove a welcome substitute for the Board of Trade supervision. The abolition of compulsory pilotage, though it can only take effect in the dominions of Great Britain, will have their entire approval. It will remove a cause of expense, and greatly simplify the position of their agent, the master of the vessel. The question of tonnage measurement is not likely to give rise to much debate. But although so much of the Bill will be accepted with more or less approval, there are two parts which will most certainly be strongly opposed; and they are just those clauses which are the most characteristic portions of the Bill. Shipowners and insurers alike have good reasons for declining to accept the rules for preventing over-insurance. With the laudable object of making it impossible for the owner of a rotten ship to speculate on its wreck the immense majority of those engaged in the business thoroughly sympathize. But the Bill would go far beyond that. It would in every case impose a heavy loss on the shipowner. He would be limited to recovering

just the intrinsic value of what he had lost, with no margin for the profit which he had hoped to gain if the voyage had been successful. The expenses which the ship would have incurred between the time of the wreck and its arrival in port will be deducted from the freight insurance. There is a plausible appearance of equity about these provisions, which has fulfilled its object of blinding the independent critics of the Bill. Nothing looks more reasonable than that an owner should not be paid for what he never had, particularly when lives have been lost, or at least risked. The possibility that he should be so paid would seem to make it the interest of some to speculate on shipwreck. But in this matter, as in many others in our time, the real issues have been obscured by sentiment. The shipowner does not merely lose the vessel which has gone down. He is deprived of its services for a time, and what is called over-insurance compensates him poorly enough for that. If he is spared a certain outlay on the remainder of the broken voyage, he loses his expected homeward freight—or, since it is better to speak by the card, the profit he expected to make on a homeward freight—when the wrecked ship was outward bound. At present he looks to the insurance to give him a set-off for that loss of which he will be deprived by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S Bill. Both parties to an insurance have good cause to shrink from accepting the complicated and inquisitorial system by which the Bill proposes to make over-insurance impossible by setting underwriters and shipowners to be a check on one another and each other. The probability that the Bill may crush the dishonest shipowner is not compensation enough for the increased risk, and indeed certainty, of further loss which it will impose on the whole industry. The ninety-nine per cent. of honest shipowners may reasonably object to be mulcted because a few black sheep have hitherto been allowed to escape well-deserved punishment.

Another feature of the Bill is the extension of the provisions of the Employers' Liability Act to ships. This also will be strongly opposed, and not wholly unreasonably. As has been pointed out a hundred times already, the owner of a ship is by no means in the same position as an employer on shore. He is physically debarred from exercising that vigilant control over his vessel which the millowner can exercise over his mill. If the shipowners are wise, however, they will not decide to fight their battle on this ground. They are entitled to demand some modification of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S Bill; but it is time that an end should be put to a state of the law which allows the mates and seamen to be ruined, or at least reduced to a state of temporary pauperism, by a shipwreck for which the owner may be in part responsible. They are, however, fully entitled to insist that the Bill should define the nature of their responsibility less vaguely than it does. Before the clauses of the Bill come to be debated there is a preliminary matter to settle. It is known that a strong opposition will be offered to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S intention of referring the Bill to a Grand Committee. As this is a question affecting not only this particular measure, but the whole business of legislation under the new Procedure Rules, it is to be hoped that it will be thoroughly threshed out. What the House will really have to settle is, whether the Grand Committees are to deal not only with Bills of a purely business character, such as they may easily handle, but with great measures of general interest. Few will, we imagine, be found to doubt that measures of the latter kind are for the whole House to deal with. If so, the question is settled already. "The subjects," says the preamble, *alias* memorandum, of the Bill, "which are dealt with in this part of the Bill [i.e. the second], and with reference to which the Bill proposes to alter and amend the law, are these; the law of marine insurance, the law relating to shipowners and seamen, the law of carriage by sea of goods and persons, the laws relating to compulsory pilotage, the law in relation to joint-stock companies as owners of ships, and the criminal law as it affects persons engaged in the management and navigation of ships." Here are six subjects, some of the first importance, with which the Bill proposes to deal. The shipowners will be doing no small service if they take care that they are properly brought before the whole House.

RUSSIA AT MERV.

IN discussing this subject last week it was not possible to do more than anticipate the attitude of HER MAJESTY'S Government towards the new expansion of Russia's manifest destiny. It appears, however, that it was possible to anticipate it, and that it was anticipated. Sir CHARLES DILKE is very serious on the subject. Negotiations are going on; and though probably no human being (certainly not Sir CHARLES DILKE) anticipates that the result of negotiations will be the retirement of Russia from Merv, the announcement gives a cheerful air of business to the Central Asian policy of the Government. It is quite true that Russia has broken pledge after pledge if she has really accepted the submission of the Merv Turkomans. It is quite true that the bugbear held out three years ago that, if England held Candahar, Russia would think it necessary to advance to Merv, and that, if England abandoned Candahar, Russia would not, has turned out to be as absurd a thing as it was argued to be at the time. It is also true that the whole actual, as distinguished from verbal, conduct of the Government has been an invitation to Russia to do what she has done; and that its effect has been to render the doing less important simply because very much more important things have been done, and allowed to be done, before. But negotiations are in progress, and Sir CHARLES DILKE and the Government have suddenly discovered that Quetta is of great value (there is some chance, after this, of their discovering the value of Cyprus), and the tone of the PRESIDENT of the LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD is that of a grave statesman who is almost a Russophobe. It has always been a pleasure to recognize the ability of the member for Chelsea in playing political high comedy. He would scarcely have been guilty of the innocent *bêtise* into which his successor at the Foreign Office fell. Lord EDMOND FITZMAURICE insisted on the excellent conduct of Russia in stopping the Turkoman slave trade exactly as if a certain proclamation had not been published at Khartoum, and persevered in his philanthropy even after the friendly cheers of his foes had warned him of dangerous ground. It is very improbable that Sir CHARLES DILKE would have done this.

Meanwhile, the Russian comments on the subject and the events which have accompanied it are of much more actual interest than the language of the Government which abandoned Candahar, which allowed Russia to crush the Akhal Tekkes, and whose members, before it became a Government, devoted their whole energies to foiling Lord BEAconsfield's plan for consolidating all Southern Asia into an English bulwark against Northern invasion. The Russians are still apologetic in word and deed, but with curious exceptions, and in a way which is not likely to deceive any one who does not wish to be deceived. The utmost regrets are expressed that anything should have happened which is likely to disturb or annoy "the friendly GLADSTONE Government." It is pointed out that after all MAHOMET has not broken his word by going to the mountain, inasmuch as the mountain has come to MAHOMET. Nor are these obliging expressions left unaccompanied by deeds which no doubt are intended to be obliging. Word has apparently been passed to the SHAH to gratify England by putting some restraint upon AYOUB KHAN's movements; and, more than that, General TCHERNAIEFF has been disgraced for daring to talk about invasions of India. Unluckily General TCHERNAIEFF is very subject to be disgraced, as a French scholar once said of Queen GUINEVERE that apparently she was "très sujette à être enlevée." It is not the first or the second time that his superiors have been shocked at him; but it does not appear that their indignation has ever led them to disgorge his conquests or abandon his plans. And if it were necessary to show how very unmeaning is this stale old farce of a disgrace accompanying an annexation, some comments on Central Asian affairs in the Russian press itself would supply quite sufficient illustration. The advance on Afghanistan from the West is made with apologies, and shyly, but at the same moment a clamour is raised for a rebuke to the presumptuous AMEER of that country because of his doings on the Upper Oxus. He has "sounded" that river—an abominable crime in a potentate whose dominions include its left bank for hundreds of miles. He has made claims on Wakhan (which is coloured as Afghan on every trustworthy map), and on Shighnan (which is not coloured on any trustworthy map as Russian). The lamb is troubling

the waters, and the wolf announces that he will have to look out.

After comparing the speeches of Mr. STANHOPE and Sir CHARLES DILKE with each other and with the facts of the case, there are few persons acquainted with those facts who will not say that Mr. STANHOPE's, with all its moderation, was a very alarming speech, and that Sir CHARLES DILKE's, with all its soothing assurances and its promises of action, was utterly unsatisfactory. If the reader consents to forget all Sir CHARLES DILKE's antecedents, and all the antecedents of those with whom he acts, the assurances of the command exercised over the Bolan, of the good disposition of the Beloochees, and so forth, may be very satisfactory things. And so might they be very satisfactory if he could forget that Russia is not, as she was recently, confined to the shores of the Aral and the Caspian. But these are exactly the things which it is impossible to forget. They might indeed be, if not forgotten, at any rate condoned, if the policy which Sir CHARLES DILKE, after his peculiar fashion, adumbrated were fully carried out; if railway communication were arranged and completed to the adits of Afghanistan from the south and east between and including the Khyber and the Bolan; if Quetta were transformed into a first-class military station; if the treaty hold which England possesses on Asia Minor were turned into a reality; and if means were taken to convert Persia, as it is still possible to convert her, from a Russian into an English satellite. In other words, if the English Government chooses to say to Russia "Come to close quarters by all means; we are quite ready for you," that is an intelligible policy. It must indeed be a costly and difficult one, whereas the policy of keeping Russia at arm's length, or rather out of striking distance altogether, was a very easy and cheap policy. Yet it is in itself a manly, courageous policy enough, if a somewhat adventurous one. But who supposes that Mr. GLADSTONE's Government will ever adopt any policy of the kind? Fortunately Indian administration even now goes on without very much meddling in detail from home, or even from Calcutta, and the Indian officials, who have made the best of the bad job of the abandonment of Afghanistan by strengthening the hold which Lord LYTON established on Beloochistan, have done a very good deed. But it is impossible thoroughly to counterwork at Quetta the railway which will soon be at Askabad and the railway which a little later will link the Caspian to the Amu Daria. It may be said without undue pessimism that it is, thanks to the Government, impossible to counterwork them anyhow except by the above-mentioned scheme, which in the present temper of the constituencies and the present mischievous influence of that temper on foreign policy is very unlikely to be adopted. It is because of the difficult and costly proceedings which these later advances of Russia (as was fully foreseen and foretold) make necessary that any wise Government would have used all its efforts to stave off those advances at almost any cost. As the situation now is, Russia can choose her own time for striking, and can strike almost at once. Let it be said, if any one likes, that she is never likely to strike or to wish to strike—an enormous supposition considering the experience of 1878. It remains that to strike or not is with her, not with us. Under no circumstances, now that Candahar has been given up, and until it is reoccupied—until, indeed, occupation is pushed further still—can the initiative lie with England. We must be prepared for attack, and we must be prepared for attack on two different lines, to say no more—the line of the Khyber and the line of the Bolan. That is to say, in dangerous times we must have armies of observation both at Quetta and at Peshawur. That seems to be the actual policy of the Government, as far as they have any. Yet a dozen years ago a little firmness would have kept Russia far away from the frontiers of Afghanistan altogether, and three or four years ago a little diplomacy would have made it practically impossible for her to get nearer to them. The game which has been played on a small scale and rapidly in Egypt has, as Lord GEORGE HAMILTON observed with perfect truth, been played more slowly and on a larger scale in Afghanistan. That game is one of hesitation and shirking decided measures until either the stake is lost or it is necessary to play at ever higher and higher risk.

THE BRIGHTON ELECTION.

THE Brighton election, the issue of which will be decided to-day, is one of unusual interest. Since it has become clear that the votes of the electorate and the votes of the House of Commons are by no means as much in harmony as they were four years ago, the result of every election is keenly scrutinized as an index of public feeling. Even when the issue is a foregone conclusion, the increase or decrease in the number of votes given on either side, as compared with those given at the General Election, is a matter of interest. But the Brighton election, the result of which is still doubtful, has a further and special interest of its own. For the first time in the history of the present Parliament, a Liberal member, elected in a period of popular excitement unknown till then in this generation, confesses that he can no longer support even the general policy of the Government, resigns his seat, and appeals afresh to his constituents as a Conservative candidate. It is impossible to blame Mr. MARRIOTT for the step which he has taken. It would be more just to blame a good many others who are in the habit of voting on a division with the Government for not taking a similar step. When a member of Parliament finds that he disagrees, not with one or two of the measures of his party, but with the whole drift and tenor of its policy, he cannot honestly retain his seat. In resigning it, avowing his change of mind, and seeking re-election in a new character, he is only acting a candid and manly part. His conduct is the more to be commended because it is seldom for a man's political advantage (to whatever party he may belong) thus singly to dissociate himself from those with whom he has hitherto acted.

Mr. MARRIOTT's conversion from Liberalism into Conservatism is, we believe, only a sample of large numbers of similar conversions during the last few years. We have frequently maintained—and the fact is now too obvious to be disputed—that both the Liberal and the Conservative parties have of late years changed their characters. There is, therefore, nothing inconsistent in the conduct of a politician who ten years ago was able honestly to support the Liberal party, but who now finds himself out of harmony with it. Personal liberty, for example, was at one time supposed to be under the special protection of the Liberal party. But Local Option, for which Mr. MARRIOTT's opponent is now ready to vote, is only one of the vexatious and oppressive measures which are supported by important sections of the Liberal party, and to which the country may one day have to submit at the hands of a so-called Liberal Government. There are, again, important principles which were at one time supposed to be held in common by both parties, which therefore had no weight in determining a man's preference for one party to another, but which now are chiefly represented on the Conservative side of the House. Such, for example, is the principle of the rights of property in general and of landed property in particular, which no man who has watched recent legislation and the recent declarations of important members of the Liberal party can believe to be as safe in Liberal as in Conservative hands. Such, again, is the question of the safety and honour of the Empire—a question compared to which all others which divide parties are insignificant. During the lifetime of Lord PALMERSTON no one doubted that this question would be treated from the same point of view by him and by the late Lord DERBY, whichever of the two happened to be in office. A man zealous for the fair fame and Imperial greatness of England could then see a Liberal Government in office without fear that the one would be tarnished and the other endangered. Is that so now? Look at Egypt; look at the Transvaal; look at the whole course of Liberal policy towards Russia; look at the conduct of the Liberal party, almost to a man, during the two years of peril and anxiety which preceded the Treaty of Berlin. Whether in office or out of office, the Liberal party has borne itself in reference to this greatest of all questions as it would certainly not have borne itself twenty years ago. A man who supported the Liberal party then is not inconsistent if he opposes it now. For the party was one thing then, and it is quite another thing now.

Mr. MARRIOTT's conversion, it is true, has taken only four years to accomplish. But these four years have been full of events which have probably brought about a similar change of mind in more members of Parliament than would like to acknowledge it. One important fact, too, has now been

made evident to the country. In 1880 we were all constantly assured that the Radical (if it is not better to call them revolutionary) elements in the Liberal party would be held in check by their Whig allies; and thousands of votes were won by this assurance. On this point the country is now undeceived. Neither consistency, nor self-respect, nor even self-interest, has prevented the Whigs from submitting to be used just as the Radicals please. They have swallowed doctrines as distasteful to them as to any one on the Conservative side of the House; and they have helped to set an example of agrarian legislation which may one day be used with disastrous effect on themselves. A man who calls himself a Liberal on the understanding that the Whig element prevails in the Liberal councils is in no way inconsistent if he declines to do so when he finds that the Whig is a mere tool in Radical hands. For the difference between the Whig and the Radical is far greater than the difference between the Whig and the Conservative. But, easy as it is to justify on such grounds as these any secessions from the Liberal ranks, the great interest excited by the Brighton election lies in the fact that Mr. MARRIOTT is best known as a vigorous opponent of the Caucus—of the system, that is to say, which aims at making each member of Parliament the mere mouthpiece and voting instrument of a committee of his constituents, which committee is itself directed by a central wire-puller, to order the member how he shall speak, act, and vote. A system better calculated to impair the integrity of politicians, and to exclude from public life men of honour and spirit, can hardly be imagined; and on this ground alone, which ought to be common to both parties alike, we could wish Mr. MARRIOTT every success.

Mr. MARRIOTT has an able and energetic opponent in Mr. ROMER, one of whose disadvantages, however, is that he has been hitherto almost unknown in Brighton. To make up for this defect he swallows the Liberal creed whole, and is even ready to concede or to consider propositions which many staunch Liberals have hitherto found little to their taste. He is willing to support the principle of Local Option, than which few greater interferences with private liberty have been proposed in recent times; and he is willing at least to coquet with the Anti-Vaccinators, who interpret private liberty to mean the free dissemination of disease among children too helpless to protect themselves. By his first concession he has won the support of the Good Templars, but by the second has, at least so far, failed to win the hearty allegiance of the Anti-Vaccinators. On this subject an interesting and instructive letter appeared in the *Times* and other papers of Wednesday last. It had been asserted that Mr. ROMER's declarations as to his being open to conviction on this question, though he had not studied it in its medical bearings, had contented the Anti-Vaccinators, and that they consequently meant to support him in a body. Mr. TEBB, the author of the letter to which we refer, writes, however, to the papers to say that he and his Anti-Vaccinating friends are far indeed from being satisfied with Mr. ROMER's declarations. Indeed, they propose to withhold their votes altogether, unless between Wednesday and the day of election Mr. ROMER's researches into the subject (which he has not hitherto investigated) have convinced him, against the judgment of the vast majority of scientific experts, that vaccination does more harm than good to the human frame. Three days is a short time in which to master so complex a subject, especially when it has to be studied in the turmoil of an election; and if Mr. ROMER is able to give satisfactory and timely assurances to the Anti-Vaccinating party in Brighton, he must possess either a phenomenal quickness of intellect or a readiness, far from phenomenal, to win votes as a candidate by concession which he would hardly make as a private individual. The Liberal party in Brighton is straining every nerve to secure Mr. MARRIOTT's defeat; and if, in spite of all, he is again returned to Parliament, his success will be another proof that the country has reconsidered the verdict which it rashly gave in 1880.

JAMAICA AND THE COLONIAL OFFICE.

A DIFFERENCE which has arisen between some of the inhabitants of Jamaica and the Colonial Office will not be settled by reference to familiar Liberal commonplaces. Lord DERBY had some time since assented in general terms to the proposal that representative government shall be

partially restored after an interval of eighteen years; but a despatch to Sir HENRY NORMAN, the Governor, in which he states his more definite conclusions, has given great offence; and the indignation of the malcontents is expressed with the vigour which characterizes dissatisfied colonists. Moderate politicians at home will be inclined to approve, not without a feeling of envy, the sound principles which Lord DERBY propounds for the guidance of electoral reformers. He wishes for further information to enable him to establish a franchise which will admit voters qualified for the trust by knowledge and education, so as to ensure the representation of all interests. HER MAJESTY'S Government, whatever may be its policy in England, has no intention of conferring in Jamaica political power on an ignorant and irresponsible rabble. It is much to be wished that Lord DERBY could frame and carry a Reform Bill for the United Kingdom without being hampered by his colleagues or by the Caucus. The lowest class in Jamaica is not more ignorant or more violent than the lowest class in Ireland, and it is incomparably more loyal. Even the agitators who condemn Lord DERBY'S scheme are willing that part of the Legislature should be nominated by the Governor, and that he should retain his veto on legislation. The modern doctrine that all political power should be restricted to the recipients of weekly wages has not penetrated to the West Indies.

A protest or answer to the obnoxious despatch raises objections which are not directly connected with the franchise. The promoters of the agitation are apparently confident that if their demands are granted they can control the elections. The main point in dispute is the proportion which the nominated members of the Council are to bear to their elected colleagues. At present there are nine official and eight non-official members, all appointed by the Governor. Lord DERBY is willing that the non-official councillors shall be elected by constituencies to be determined hereafter; but at present he declines to increase their actual or relative numbers. For the scheme which he has prepared he quotes the precedent of British Guiana, where a similar arrangement appears to work conveniently. He also offers that in ordinary cases the official members shall not take part in financial votes or discussions, though the Governor will retain the right of requiring their presence whenever he thinks it desirable. The opponents of the Government plan profess to think that the official members ought to be responsible for the financial administration, though the object would be scarcely attained if they were habitually outvoted. The real contention relates to the composition of the majority of the Council, as it would be highly undesirable that the Governor should in ordinary circumstances exercise his veto. When a deliberative Assembly consists of two independent and antagonistic elements, the rights of the minority tend to degenerate into fictions. Ex-officio members of an English Board of Guardians are for the most part systematically excluded from all share in the disposal of patronage.

The former Constitution of Jamaica, which still maintains a suspended existence, could boast of the respectable antiquity of two hundred years. An Assembly of forty-seven members elected by constituencies with a property qualification possessed the usual Parliamentary attributes, while the Governor of course represented the Crown. When Jamaica became an English possession in the time of CROMWELL, there could be no question of extending political privileges to negro slaves. In later generations, the planters who controlled legislation naturally opposed all measures for the prevention of the slave trade or for the relief or emancipation of slaves. The Constitution, which ostensibly resembled that of England, gave exclusive power to the dominant race; and after emancipation it was obviously impossible to redress the grievance by giving votes to the freedmen. The contumacious resistance of the planters and their Assembly to the philanthropic legislation of the mother-country induced Lord MELBOURNE'S Government, about the year 1839, to bring in a Bill for suspending the Constitution of Jamaica. The case of the Government is powerfully stated in some articles which Mr. SPEDDING, who had formerly been in the Colonial Office, republished, from the *Edinburgh Review*, shortly before his death. In substance the charge against the Assembly was that, exclusively representing the planters, it could not be trusted with the protection of the coloured population. The experience of many countries has since proved that Parliamentary institutions are ill suited to the needs of divided and heterogeneous communities. The planters would have done wisely in surrendering their privi-

leges, at least for a time; but, with the aid of the Conservatives in England, they organized a successful opposition to a feeble and almost moribund Government. It was after a virtual defeat on the Jamaica Bill that Lord MELBOURNE resigned, with the result to the party of incurring further discredit in returning to office by means of the famous Bedchamber Plot.

The Whigs were not disposed to court a second defeat by persevering with the Jamaica Bill; and Sir ROBERT PEEL was unfortunately pledged by his previous action to maintain the Constitution; but the relations of the Assembly to the coloured people and to the Home Government became more and more unsatisfactory, till in the autumn of 1865 a disturbance, which was rather a riot than an insurrection, was suppressed by the local Government with merciless severity. Although the coloured rioters who had committed some excesses offered little or no resistance to the authorities, the planters were at last thoroughly frightened. A Commission which was sent to Jamaica in the following year recommended in substance the same measures which had been proposed a quarter of a century before by the Whig Government, and, with the express or tacit consent of the Assembly and of its constituents, the island was provisionally reduced to the condition of a Crown Colony. The reasons for the change were simple and conclusive. The coloured people were disaffected, not to the Crown, but to the local Legislature, which represented only the survivors or representatives of the former slave-owners. It was impossible to try the remedy of a wide extension of the suffrage which would reverse the position of the two races. The discretion of a Governor, assisted by a small Council in which the official members formed the majority, was the obvious mode of securing both sections of the community from oppression and disorder. The Imperial Parliament judiciously abstained from fixing a term for the duration of the experiment; but the arrangement was never intended to last longer than the circumstances which had rendered it necessary. It is not surprising that after a considerable interval a demand for the restoration of representative government should be preferred by a generation which imperfectly remembers former difficulties and complications.

Lord DERBY has probably good reason for the assumption that in the course of eighteen years the number of persons who would be entitled to the franchise under a moderate property qualification must have been largely increased. He undoubtedly exercises a sound judgment in requiring full information on the statistical facts which would regulate his decision. When classes are sharply defined and permanently divided, especially by race and colour, there is always a risk that the majority or dominant section of the community may be unsympathetic and intolerant. It may be inferred from Lord DERBY'S language that the franchise will for the present be narrowly limited; but former experience proved that in Jamaica station and property afford no sufficient guarantee for impartial justice. When the subject has been more fully discussed in England, the nature and object of the present movement will be better understood. It seems that Lord DERBY admits and offers to redress one grievance which forms a plausible subject of complaint. The elected portion of the future Legislature will, except in extraordinary circumstances, control revenue and expenditure. It may be expected that a judicious Governor will not be disinclined gradually to extend the influence of the representative part of the Council, although the ultimate control will remain with himself. It would seem that under Lord DERBY'S system the Governor will be sufficiently protected against factious usurpation. He will have a casting vote and a veto, and the majority of the Council, consisting of official members, is bound to vote according to his direction, though, except for special reasons, he will not interfere with their independent judgment. To these parts of the scheme the advocates of elective government offer no direct opposition. They perhaps wish that the heads of departments should have seats in the Council, and they are not disposed to grudge them the right of voting as long as they can themselves secure a majority. It is doubtful whether they hope to influence the choice by the Governor of his Ministers, which would reduce the power of the Crown to a fiction. It will be necessary to take precautions against the revival of an oligarchy which was reduced by its own defects to the necessity of abdication.

C. S. C.

THE gaiety of nations can no longer be eclipsed by the loss even of the dearest head and the silence of the wittiest voice. A gaiety cannot be eclipsed which has already gone out like a candle. But all English lovers of humour, of wit, of a genial and not too earnest temperament, all who can admire scholarship worn "lightly like a flower," are regretting the death of Mr. CHARLES STEWART CALVERLEY. As "C. S. C.," the author of *Verses and Translations* and of *Fly Leaves* was well known to every one who liked mirth. He had gained what the lover in his favourite THEOCRITUS coveted—his "name was in the mouths of all, "and chiefly in those of the young." As a matter of course, therefore, it is not in that useful compilation *Men of the Time*. Mr. CALVERLEY was certainly one of the most successful and popular poets of an age in which few poets see many editions. His *Fly Leaves* is out of print, *introuvable*, except by a rare accident. *Fly Leaves* is a book which people keep when it comes into their possession. It does not find its way, like the mournful "remainders" of poets greater and less than Mr. CALVERLEY, to the cheap bookstalls. *Verses and Translations* is in its eighth edition. *Translations* (English and Latin), being serious, has not been popular. Mr. CALVERLEY was at work on a new edition of his poetical rendering of THEOCRITUS before his death. These four books make up, we believe, all his literary baggage. It is not a large quantity; the author was indolent as well as humorous; but *Fly Leaves* and *Verses and Translations* will long float down the stream of time.

Mr. CALVERLEY's history was not eventful, but he became the centre of many floating myths. His college days must have been about 1852; his amusing *Carmen Seculare* is dated 1853. His family name was BLAYDS, and as BLAYDS he is still remembered at Balliol. Many distinguished men, as even her rivals will admit, have passed through Balliol in the last thirty years, or, by 'r Lady, two score. The College has entertained Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD, CLOUGH, Mr. SWINBURNE, and a host of minor stars in politics, law, literature, and so forth. Of all these distinguished persons, including famed old batsmen and oars of long ago, we believe that "BLAYDS" alone left a tradition in college. Freshmen when they come up hear stories of BLAYDS, of his repartees, his verses, his freaks, his admired and unusual powers of maddening the Dons. His fame survives as that of the cleverest, wittiest, and most reckless of freshmen. Other undergraduates have "leaped over a wall," but only he thought it advisable to remind the Dons, in scriptural phrase, of his triumph. BLAYDS migrated to Cambridge; took the name, by which he is best known, of CALVERLEY; became a Fellow of Christ's and a centre of Cambridge, as he had been of Oxford, fable.

Of literary ambition Mr. CALVERLEY seems to have had very little. He possessed a true taste in poetry. Perhaps this might scarcely be gathered from a perusal of his Homeric translations (1866). He was hampered by his use of blank verse. Only one or two men in a generation, or in several generations, can write blank verse. Apparently C. S. C. was not one of these.

What God, then, bade those twain stand forth and strive?
Zeus's and Leto's son, He, angered sore
Against the King, sent pestilence abroad.

This does not adequately render the music of HOMER. No verse does, perhaps; but Lord TENNYSON's, in its style, is musical, and POPE's is adequate, in its style; whereas Mr. CALVERLEY's scarcely soars above COWPER's or WRIGHT's or Lord DERBY's. But, if he could not move in the fetters of blank verse, he wrote lyric measures—and, in fact, most rhyming measures, including the Spenserian—with wonderful ease, fluency, and skill. His THEOCRITUS, in which he employed many metres, is probably the best rendering of the poet we possess, though occasionally the modern note, and the note of cleverness (so antagonistic to poetry), are audible.

It is not by his serious classic work, nor by his elegant translations of English verse into Latin, that Mr. CALVERLEY's name will live. The delightful grave buffoonery of the *Carmen Seculare* alone would float a college reputation. In that description of winter at Cambridge all the familiar tags of Latin verse are woven into a comic whole with amazing skill. In parody C. J. C. was unmatched. Most parodists are dull people, like the person who lately turned *Lady Clara Vere de Vere* into a clumsy series of insults to the LAUREATE. CALVERLEY caught the spirit of his original,

without following too closely in his steps. The delightful vagueness of the *Grandfather*—

I knew not of what we pondered
Or made pretty pretence to talk—

is a travesty of the whole modern vein of indistinct diffuse sentiment. The story of the "bit o' a chit o' a boy" is dear to all men save members of the Browning Society. The skit on Miss INGELOW can only fail to divert people ignorant of the original. The parodies were never ill-natured. There was no ill-nature, nothing but healthy, open humour, fun, and very unusual command of verse, in the composition of CALVERLEY's Muse. What comic Muse is left to bewail him in accents of unwonted regret? Alas! the art of mirthful verse is all but lost, and there are few congenial singers to contribute towards *Le Tombeau de C. S. C.*

THE SUEZ CANAL.

THE reported revolt of part of the French shareholders in the Suez Canal against M. DE LESSEPS, and their determination to oppose the sanction of his agreement with the English shipowners, may or may not be serious as far as that very provisional agreement itself is concerned. But it is certainly not unimportant as bearing on the general question of the management of the Canal, which (*pace* Lord GRANVILLE) the agreement most assuredly does not finally settle. It may be very improbable that on this particular occasion the shareholders will prove indocile to M. DE LESSEPS; but clearly there is nothing impossible in it, and this illustrates the first great anomaly of the matter. All similar monopolies have their monopoly tempered either directly or indirectly; indirectly by competition, directly by the action of tribunals such as the English Railway Commission. Apparently the Suez Canal is free from either of these checks. M. DE LESSEPS, backed by Mr. GLADSTONE, protests that no competition with him is possible; M. DE LESSEPS's shareholders, in some considerable number, conceivably in a majority, protest that they are final arbiters in the matter of their own profits. Whence it would appear that, if the shareholders choose to charge any ship any sum they choose, there is nothing to prevent them. This, as EUCLID would observe, is absurd.

But there is something still more absurd. We have not noticed (we do not know whether it has been stated) what total of shares is represented by the Parisian meeting of protest. As the immediate supporters of M. DE LESSEPS are not likely to have been in the ranks of the malcontents, and as the entire amount held by persons other than the English Government is little over half the capital, it follows that considerably less than half must have been represented. The English Government holds, as has just been observed, not considerably less, but only a little less, than half; yet supposing the malcontents to be able to muster a bare majority of the shares other than those belonging to England—that is to say, something slightly over a quarter of the capital—it is clear that they might in the long run impose their policy on the Company. In other words, the holders of nearly three-quarters would be powerless against the holders of just over one-quarter. This absolutely preposterous state of things is quite untouched by the proposed agreement, and that agreement would be of very dubious force to prevent such a minority as has been described from reverting to the present policy and tariff—it would certainly be powerless to prevent them from so ordering the future policy and tariff as to make the agreement itself of none effect. So long as this state of things continues there can be no guarantee for the satisfactory administration of the Canal. All this has of course been pointed out before. But the value of the present incident is that it exemplifies and impresses the inconvenience in an apt and timely fashion. Whether it be a likely result or not, it is by no means certain that the rejection of the agreement would be an untoward result for England. For the remedy which it applies is merely topical and palliative, and leaves untouched both the main anomalies and founts of evil in the Canal constitution. The first of these is the evil of unqualified monopoly in the hands of irresponsible persons; the second, the practical annihilation of the rights of the holders of nearly half the capital. Alter or remove these, and the merely minor inconveniences of tariff and administration would very quickly redress themselves. Leave these untouched, and no redressing of the actual minor evils can be either thorough or permanent, while fresh ones are pretty certain to grow up. Lord GRANVILLE'S

complacent optimism in reference to the second agreement is from this point of view nearly as mischievous as the reckless concessions of Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. CHILDERS in the first. Both, from the commercial point of view, leave an anomalous, an irresponsible, and an arbitrarily constituted body sovereign alike over the rights of their customers and over the rights of their partners in the undertaking; while both entirely fail to obviate the special political objections which England may justly urge to the present government of the Canal. The leasing of the Canal by England which the revolvers are said to suggest is a proposition too recent, and reported too little in detail, to admit of full criticism at this moment. It may be said however at once that, speaking generally, it presents several advantages over any plan yet proposed.

COVERT-SHOOTING, PAST AND PRESENT.

THERE is no more confirmed *laudator temporis acti* than what is generally known as a sportsman of the old school. Every modern innovation is looked upon by him with suspicion and distrust; and if by chance any invention or practice of more recent times should meet with his modified approval, it will generally be qualified by the assertion that the idea is merely a development of something which was perfectly well known and understood in his younger days, but which there were good reasons for not adopting at the time. The so-called sportsmen of the present day are a degenerate lot compared with what they used to be in his own time; there is no such thing as real sport nowadays; and so on *ad infinitum*.

It is to shooting more than to other field sports that such old-world criticisms are usually applied. Hunting, as long as it exists, will always remain much the same in principle. The pace may be faster and the hours later than in the good old days when our long-coated forefathers took the field at early dawn, and returned home in the middle of the day to spend a long winter's afternoon and evening over their port and their punch-bowl; but in other respects hunting will always remain a sport that can be indulged in according to the individual tastes of the sportsman. There can be no doubt, however, that a great change has taken place both in the theory and practice of shooting during the last forty or fifty years, and more particularly in that branch of the sport known as covert-shooting. The manner in which this pastime was carried on about the beginning of the present century has been made familiar to every one through the medium of the old sporting prints. We all know the long-gaitered, drab-coated gentleman, with a ruddy, smooth-shaven face and a tall hat, the tightness of whose many-buttoned garments must have made active exercise somewhat distressing, pausing, in a struggle through a sort of Indian jungle of underwood, to take a steady aim, with one eye carefully closed, at a woodcock which, according to the perspective, should be some hundred and fifty yards away, while a brace of open-mouthed spaniels spring excitedly forward, and in the middle distance another smiling gentleman, in a green coat this time, by way of variety, stands with his gun at the "port" to await the course of events. Or he is depicted in the act of almost treading on a species of bird of paradise, supposed by courtesy to represent a cock pheasant, crouching in the aforesaid jungle, of the immediate proximity of which the spaniels appear altogether unconscious, but which we feel will create a most startling effect when ultimately roused from its lair and well on the wing. But, in any case, the long-gaitered person hunted his game in a painstaking, business-like manner, much after the fashion of a Red Indian, and, whether alone or in the company of another tight-coated sportsman, his bag depended very much on his own exertions. To him an organized and disciplined body of beaters, such as may be seen at any average shooting party of the present day, was a thing unknown. As a rule, indeed, the presence of even a gamekeeper or other attendant seems to have been dispensed with, and one is tempted to speculate how our friend would have disposed of any game that he might be so fortunate as to secure. Occasionally, it is true, he carries a game-bag, but this is the exception rather than the rule. He may, to be sure, have used "hare-pockets." But the weight of a hare on each side, to say nothing of anything else, must have been a serious impediment to locomotion, and, besides giving the sportsman the appearance of a clown in a pantomime who has stolen a couple of geese and a string or two of sausages, must have rendered anything like quick shooting almost an impossibility.

It is rather a remarkable fact that there should be so few artistic records of the manner in which shooting is carried on at the present day. At the period of which we are speaking, every phase of the sport was elaborately represented by artists of more or less capability; and, to say nothing of London print-shops, it is almost impossible to enter an old country house, or even a country inn, without coming across one or more works of art of this description. But one may walk the whole length of Piccadilly and Bond Street without finding a pictorial representation of a modern "shoot." The few that do exist are well known, but do not appear to be sufficiently sought after to have made it worth the while of publishers and print-sellers to reproduce them in a popular form. This is all the more remarkable, inasmuch as there

never was a time when other branches of sport were more profusely illustrated than at present. Not only does every description of hunting and racing print abound everywhere, but the shop windows are full of original sketches, of more or less artistic merit, which at any rate are improvements on the stiff, wooden productions of former years. It is true that the surroundings of modern shooting do not lend themselves to artistic effect in the same degree as of old. There is nothing very suggestive of the picturesque in a long line of guns and beaters manœuvring in a turnip-field; and the spectacle of a smartly-dressed gentleman, standing at the end of a plantation with his loader behind him, does not afford any great scope for the painter's imagination. Yet, even in these degenerate days of sport, there are occasional incidents that might well be turned to account by a clever artist. To a real sportsman, the pleasures of covert-shooting depend not so much on the number of shots he gets in a day as on their variety, and this will depend in a great measure on the nature of the ground. Where, as is often the case, the woods are low and the ground perfectly level, so that the pheasants fly out almost at the muzzles of the guns, or, at any rate, but a few feet over the heads of the shooters, there is really very little satisfaction in killing them, and the sport becomes simple butchery. And as coverts of this description are generally well adapted for the rearing of game, it is in such places that the enormous bags are made which have brought the practice of battue-shooting into such disrepute. But in a rough and broken country, where the coverts lie on hill-sides or steep banks, it is a very different affair. There is usually some hard and rough walking to be done, instead of the lazy saunter along smooth rides or gravel walks; and not only are a sure foot and a quick eye indispensable to success, but a very considerable amount of skill and practice are also needed. To bring down a "tall rocketeer," sweeping down the wind from the top of a high bank, is by no means an easy performance, especially if the sportsman, as will very likely be the case, be at that moment balancing himself on a narrow footpath or floundering among slippery rocks at the bottom of a gully. A shot obtained in this way would, in many cases, afford a subject for a pretty sketch, and would certainly give as much scope to the artist as the old-fashioned "pot shot" with which we are so familiar. But, somehow or other, the subject does not seem to have commended itself to our sporting artists; and the sportsman of the twentieth century—if by that time such a thing as sport should still exist—will have little to guide him in the way of pictorial records as to how his more immediate ancestors were in the habit of killing their game.

But, however unfavourable may be the comparisons which the old-fashioned sportsman may draw between the present system of covert-shooting and that in vogue in his youth, it is a question whether the former does not, on the whole, afford more enjoyment than the latter, especially if regarded from a social point of view. To go out, as in old days, with a dog and a gun, and fight through briars and thorns all day in the hope of bringing home as much game as you can conveniently carry about you, may possibly be a more praiseworthy form of recreation than to form one of a party of gunners who have little more to do than to shoot the game that is driven up to them. But, after all, the primary object of shooting, like that of any other field sport, is to provide healthy amusement; and, if this can be secured as well in one way as the other, it is difficult to see any just grounds for invidious comparison. The physical aspects of covert-shooting, moreover, have changed very much during the last fifty years. Not only have the old-fashioned game-coverts almost ceased to exist, but the habits of their denizens seem to have undergone a change, and they cannot be sought for in the same manner as of old. High farming has in most districts done away with the old double hedgerows, forming the best possible covert for game of all kinds; copses have been grubbed up; and everywhere, in fact, there is less natural shelter for game than there used to be. The result is that both pheasants and partridges have taken to "running" in a manner which would have been scorned by their ancestors, and that they have to be circumvented accordingly. Here and there, in remote woodlands, it is still possible to enjoy a day's sport in the old style, with spaniels or beagles, but, as a rule, it is now found easier to rear game in smaller woods where hunting with dogs is altogether out of the question. By the time, indeed, that a sportsman of the old school would have got halfway through such a covert with his dog and his gun, almost every pheasant in it—every cock pheasant, at any rate—would have quietly run out at the other end, and he would very likely not get a single shot in a wood that he knew to have been full of game. In such cases the only way to get any sport is to make use of beaters, assisted by "stops" at certain points to prevent the game from running out. This, broadly speaking, constitutes the groundwork of the much-vituperated system of battue-shooting. But it is obvious that a system which is equally applicable to a "chasse" of either the smallest or the largest dimensions can scarcely with justice be condemned, because in the latter case it has occasionally been abused, and what ought to be a sportsman-like and healthy recreation has degenerated into a mere slaughter. This, however, opens a wide subject, which it would not be convenient to discuss at present. But it may fairly be claimed for the modern as against the ancient style of covert-shooting, that it affords greater scope for social enjoyment, and has, in fact, become the *raison d'être* of one of the pleasantest aspects of English country-house life. In the old days, when an ordinary country squire went out shooting with his friend, his ideas did not as a

rule go beyond his actual sport, or at any rate the dinner which was to follow it; and it would not have occurred to him to make it an occasion for filling his house with a mixed party of both sexes, some of whom, at least, would look upon the shooting as a mere accessory. All this has doubtless in many cases been overdone, in the same way as the shooting itself. The introduction of ladies, for instance, into an actual shooting party, is a questionable experiment at all times, and even the charm of their presence at luncheon-time will scarcely be appreciated by a keen sportsman; while "walking with the guns," which a few years ago had become the practice at many fashionable réunions, has now been generally admitted to be not only a serious drawback to the sport, but to be productive of but little satisfaction to any one concerned. But there are few things more enjoyable in their way than a well-assorted party at a well-appointed country-house, where there is good shooting for the men and pleasant society for the ladies; and there can be no doubt that if, through any combination of circumstances, covert-shooting, as carried on at present, should be interfered with to any appreciable extent, a serious blow would be struck at country society in general, and one of the few compensating advantages of an English winter would be done away with. The operation of the Ground Game Act has had a marked effect upon the lately-ended shooting season; the hare, in many parts of the country, will soon become as extinct as the bustard; and game-preservers will have to trust more than ever to the artificial rearing of pheasants to secure even the most moderate amount of sport for themselves and their friends. It is impossible to say what form the next agitation against game may assume; but as long as there are woods left in the country, and until the relations between landlord and tenant have been altogether broken down by mischievous legislation, it is to be hoped that the good old sport of covert-shooting will not come to an end.

GAMING-HOUSES FORTY YEARS AGO.

ALATE gambling prosecution in the West End of London has recalled many memories of the past to those who can remember the days of Crockford's, and during the past month plenty of long-forgotten stories about gaming have been told in the bow-windows of St. James's Street clubs. Comparatively few of us can recollect Crockford's, but those who can know what an important part it played in social life forty or fifty years ago. Nor was Crockford's the only place of gambling in the West End in those days. There were at least fifteen regular gaming-houses known to the police in the parishes of St. James's, St. George's, St. Martin-in-the-Fields, and St. Ann's, in the year 1844, besides numbers of cigar-shops, billiard-rooms, coffee-houses, and public-houses, in which gaming-tables were kept in back rooms. Minor gambling-houses, such as those last described, were popularly known by the ugly name of "copper-hells," and were chiefly frequented by City clerks and gentlemen's servants, amongst whom there was, then as always, a great deal of gambling. The practice of gambling has probably brought more ruin to City clerks than to any other class of men. The late Admiral Rous, when examined before a Select Committee of the House of Commons, went so far as to say that "if a man of 100,000*l.* a year loses it, the country will be the better for it; but if persons engaged in mercantile and banking establishments were induced to lose money that does not belong to them, the commercial and banking community would be very much injured." But the Admiral's views were peculiar.

Crockford's itself had had such a run that it was said the proprietor intended to give it up, because there were not enough unbroken gamblers left to make it pay its way. It was calculated that, according to the ordinary chances of the game (hazard), if a man staked the same sum every time the dice were thrown for about a couple of hours, he would lose exactly that amount. The rules of the Club were not drawn up by Mr. Crockford, but by a committee; and finally Mr. Crockford gave up the Club entirely into the hands of the committee. A bill was filed against him "as a winner of money on certain games" to the amount of 800,000*l.* When examined before the Committee of the House of Commons, he said:—"A nest of informers came about me, and wanted to take 20,000*l.*, and then 10,000*l.*, and I met it in court, and they would not meet me, and so it was all over." Before the same Committee the Chairman of the Middlesex Quarter Sessions gave evidence of "a class of people in the metropolis who live by the prosecution of gaming-houses." These rascals indicted the proprietors of gaming-houses, and then obtained bribes from them on the promise of proceeding no further. This evil was to a great extent abolished by obliging the prosecutor to enter into his own recognizances of 100*l.* to proceed in the case. Another class of men, who lived by the gaming-houses, decoyed what were technically known as "flats" into low gambling-rooms, and after making them half drunk, urged them to play for every farthing they had about them. These fellows often received twenty-five per cent. of the sums lost by their victims to the proprietors of the tables. Many men were also employed to watch the proceedings of the detectives and inspectors of police. A well-known superintendent used to say that he never left his station at night to go westward without being followed by gaming-house spies. Crockford's was a private Club, many members of which never gambled; and according to the law, as it stood in those days, there were supposed to be some difficulties in the way of dealing with it. There were, however,

many small gaming-rooms almost within a stone's throw of Crockford's, ten being open every night, except on Sundays, between Bennett Street and Jermyn Street. In most rooms of this class a billiard or other table, covered with a green cloth, had a thin hazard cloth laid upon it, and when there was an alarm of police this was whipped off and hidden or carried away. Counters, too, were generally used; so that the police could not swear that the players whom they found had been playing for money, although it was well known that each counter, according to its markings, represented a certain sum of money, for which it was bought and sold before and after play. Even at Crockford's itself counters were used at one time; but Mr. Crockford found the aristocracy very slack in the matter of payment unless they produced all the money they played for in cash; and, as the use of counters had led to easy-going practices about cheques which were dishonoured, and I.O.U.'s which were never paid, a rule was made that cash, and cash only, should in future be the medium of gambling in the Club.

An entry into one of the small gaming-rooms was no easy matter, and even when made it was seldom effectual. Several doors would have to be forced open, and by the time this was done no one would be found in the house, with the exception of some women and children sleeping soundly in their beds—although a supper-table laid for several people in one room, and general disorder in another, would give a broad hint as to what had been going on. The police once broke into a gaming-house in St. James's Street, and found a supper-table, a hazard-table, and a roulette-wheel; but the only living occupants of the house were "two females" and some children, all in their beds. On "the second-floor back," however, they found an open window, with a chair placed before it, while outside were two ladders, secured with ropes, by which the gamblers had effected their escape into a court or passage leading into Piccadilly. At the orders of Sir Richard (then Mr.) Mayne, a superintendent of police, accompanied by eighteen constables, made a raid on a gaming-house kept in Bury Street, St. James's, soon after one o'clock one morning in May 1844. On ringing the bell the door was opened, when the doorkeeper and another man, formerly a policeman, were at once arrested. The superintendent then opened a side door into a passage, across which was a very strong door, cased inside with strong iron binders and bolts. This door was forced with sledge-hammers and crowbars. In a large gaming-room, quite at the back of the premises, were two men, and on the tiles of the roof one other man was found. Before the entry was made, some police-officers were placed at the rear of the house, so that nobody could have escaped that way. The hiding-place or means of exit of the rest of the players remained a mystery. Three roulette-tables and one hazard-table were found in this house. On another occasion, during the same month, the police made a raid on a gaming establishment in Piccadilly, and captured four persons, but the following note is added to the superintendent's report:—"Has reason to think notice had been given, and parties escaped by two trap-doors upon roof; one of which doors communicates with the — Club-house." In the report of a police entrance into a house in Albemarle Street, we find that "Several of the prisoners having, at the time of entry into the gaming-house, attempted to escape by crossing the roofs of adjoining houses, and having taken their gaming implements with them, which were found on the party-wall, between the roofs of the houses, the police not being able to prove those implements to have been in the house, the prisoners were discharged." A large gaming-table had been found on the previous night at the adjoining house, and on that occasion also a man was arrested on the roof. Roof-climbing was apparently a necessary accomplishment for gamblers forty years ago. One of the most respectable gaming-houses was in Jermyn Street, and was commonly known as "The Cottage." The police found both a hazard-table and a roulette-table in this house, and arrested four men in it, all of whom were fined. Sir Richard Mayne believed that in many cases lights were put in houses in order to deceive the police and induce them to make a forcible entrance, under the impression that they were gambling-houses, and thus lay themselves open to an action for trespass.

After a gambling-house in Leicester Square had been invaded by the police in 1840, the proprietor was fined 100*l.*, two croupiers were fined 50*l.* each, several players 5*l.* each, and the porter was fined a sovereign. In the year 1843, the occupants of a gaming-house in King Street, St. James's, met with more severe treatment. The lessee was sent to the treadmill for six months and fined 100*l.*; the porter was sent for six months to the treadmill without a fine; and two other men, who seem to have been hangers-on or touts to the establishment, were each sent to the treadmill for four months and fined 50*l.*

It was not only in London that gaming-tables were kept forty years ago. During most of the principal race-meetings numbers of gaming-rooms were kept open in the nearest towns. A magistrate gave evidence that when the races were going on at Warwick, he had seen gambling going on in nearly every house in one particular street "with the windows open." Some years earlier, during Doncaster races, forty or fifty gaming-houses were kept open in the town without the least pretence of secrecy; indeed men were stationed in front of these houses offering cards advertising "Roulette, Bank 1,000*l.*" or whatever it might be, to the passers-by. At last a determined effort was made by the Government to suppress roulette and hazard at race-meetings, and a certain official of high standing especially distinguished himself

by his zeal in the holy war. On the evening of the Derby day he asked his son what he had heard at the races. "I heard everybody d—ning you," was the pleasant answer. At the period of which we are writing there do not appear to have been many gaming-tables at Newmarket. Yet in the time of Charles II. more money was said to be lost at Newmarket through play than through racing, and each of the King's mistresses had a house of her own in the town in which she kept a gaming-table. Nevertheless a famous Act against excessive gaming was passed during his reign.

There can be no doubt that while Crockford's existed, it was a crying evil; but it may interest some people to learn that when Crockford's was in full force, there was little or no gambling at the ordinary clubs, whereas a few years previously the play in the clubs, at hazard and games of that character, had been very high. Whether there is less gambling at present among English people than there was forty years ago, it is not easy to decide. We certainly have no Crockford's, but we have a very fast train to Monte Carlo, where numbers of English crowd the tables. As to what may go on in certain clubs at the present time we have no wish to inquire, nor do we wish to enlarge on the amount of play for something more than small sums now going on in private drawing-rooms, which ladies appear to enjoy at least as much as men; but it must be remembered that betting on horse races is much heavier now than it was forty years ago. On the other hand, in the year 1844 both Mr. Tattersall and Mr. Crockford gave evidence that the betting on racing was far lighter than it had been, which goes far to show that when there was much gambling at gaming-houses there was less on the Turf. Altogether it would be difficult to make any exact estimate of the difference between the amount of gambling in 1844 and 1884; but it would probably be pretty safe to prophesy that in 1924 there will be about as much gambling in one form or another as there is at present.

PROPOSED VANDALISM AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

MR. FERGUSSON has long been known to the archaeological world as one of the boldest and most self-confident of theorists, whose delight is to come before the public with some new theory as to the date and purpose of a building or ancient monument, upsetting all the conclusions of previous writers, and demanding the acceptance of his solitary verdict as the dictum of infallibility. But however much we may be constrained to differ from Mr. Fergusson on these and other points, they are matters on which he has as much right to have an opinion of his own as any one else. But it is another matter when theory threatens to become practice; and no less a victim has passed into the coils of the Inquisition than Westminster Abbey.

The note of warning has been sounded in the *Builder* of February 16th, which was privileged to publish Mr. Fergusson's scheme for spoiling the Abbey. The overcrowding of the interior of Westminster Abbey has been a subject of anxiety for many years past. Many of the existing monuments, including some of the highest artistic and historic interest, are almost invisible. Removals and curtailments have been made, but without much good. To quote Mr. Shaw Lefevre, in the January number of the *Nineteenth Century*, "The available space in the Abbey is too small for what already exists there; and it is certain that in the future monuments must either be reduced to the smallest busts, to be stuck up wherever a vacant corner can be found and irrespective of their surroundings, as is now too often the case, or the demand for this national recognition must be refused altogether." Fully agreeing that it would be "a most serious misfortune" that such a refusal should become necessary, and thus "a break made in the continuity of this splendid roll of monuments to the great and illustrious men of the Empire," we have long looked with anxiety for a satisfactory solution of the problem. There is no probability of any lessening of this demand; nor, considering how completely "the Abbey" is identified with the highest and most ennobling feelings of Englishmen, could we desire that there should be. It is true that the present Dean of Westminster does not display the same avidity for the interment of departed notoriety which was sometimes a cause of sarcastic remark in regard to his highly-gifted predecessor. But cases will be periodically occurring when the nation will call for a monument in Westminster Abbey, while the power of complying with the demand, consistently with the architecture and uses of the building, will be more and more curtailed. In point of fact there is not proper room for a single additional monument in the Abbey, except perhaps in some of the eastern recesses of Henry VII.'s Chapel.

The scheme proposed by the late Sir G. Scott was to form a kind of "Campo Santo" in immediate connexion with the Abbey, by the erection of a cloister or elongated monumental chapel along the line of the houses on the west side of Old Palace Yard and Abingdon Street, communicating with the Abbey by a covered way passing beneath the flying buttresses of the Chapter House. This plan, though comparatively harmless in itself, as involving no destruction of ancient buildings or undue interference with the existing fabric, is open to not a few objections, financial and artistic. Mr. Shaw Lefevre proposes as a substitute for Sir G. Scott's cloister, a monumental chapel occupying the ground to the east of the lesser cloisters, between them and Old Palace Yard, but "united to the Abbey in the manner

proposed by Scott." The plan would only call for the demolition of the houses in Poet's Corner and Old Palace Yard, at a cost of about 80,000*l.*, and in Mr. Lefevre's eyes would be "one of the most splendid improvements in this part of London." We are constrained to add that it would also be one of the most destructive of historical associations on a site where almost every stone illustrates some page in the annals of the nation.

Mr. Shaw Lefevre's plan for relieving the Abbey, which assumes considerable importance when we bear in mind that it emanates from the First Commissioner of Works, brings us to Mr. Fergusson's proposal, which is indeed the same idea on a more extended and pretentious scale. In its main outlines Mr. Fergusson's proposal is identical with that of the First Commissioner. He proposes to clear the whole area, both east of the "Little Cloisters," originally the cloisters of the Infirmary of the Abbey—now occupied by what are slightly called "second-class clerical residences"—up to the Jewel Tower, and to pull down—what, indeed, we could well spare—the houses in Old Palace Yard and Poet's Corner, and erect on the ground thus left vacant a vast aisled edifice, 275 feet in length from north to south, including the vestibule, and 100 feet in breadth, and as many in height to the ridge of the roof. The portentous dimensions of this huge "annexe," which its designer audaciously calls "a new south transept," may be estimated when it is stated that it is larger in every dimension than Ripon Cathedral (exclusive of the transepts), not very much smaller than King's College Chapel, Cambridge, longer and higher than the nave of York Minster, and only six feet less in breadth, and that in every measurement but height it considerably exceeds the nave of the Abbey itself. Is it wasting words to show how completely such a huge addition would throw the whole of the ancient fabric out of scale, and how ruinous it would be to its outline and general effect? Instead of its being an appendage to the Abbey, the Abbey will be an appendage to this cumbersome, self-asserting mass. It required Mr. Fergusson to assert that his new building will "group most pleasingly with the Chapter House and the Abbey," and that "its greatest merit is that it can be made to appear part of the Abbey itself." Such an assertion is contradicted by the ground-plan; while to say that "it is practically throughout mathematically an extension of the south transept," and to give it the name of "the new south transept," is simply to throw dust in people's eyes, in the hope of blinding them to the real character of the design. It is, as the *Builder* happily terms it, "a verbal illusion," seemingly adopted to convey an idea of a closer union with the original building than its position and arrangements warrant. "Monumental chapel" is the true designation. It is true that, according to Mr. Fergusson's plan, it and the south transept will be entered from the same corridor, curiously playing at hide and seek among the flying buttresses of the Chapter House. But the new building will not touch the walls of the Abbey on any one point, and will be as completely a distinct fabric as St. Margaret's Church is now, and would continue to be if—which is another of Mr. Fergusson's suggestions, though only proposed to be almost reluctantly rejected—it were to be united to the Abbey by a covered way, and Parliament were to decree that burial there was equivalent to burial in the Abbey. However connected the two would be, practically, and we are inclined to believe in popular sentiment also, separate buildings.

Into the architectural features of this monstrous scheme it will be needless to enter. Its position and dimensions are sufficient to ensure its condemnation. It would form a huge nave of seven bays, entered by vast pillared vestibules to the north, with side aisles running round the south end, the style to be the same as in the Abbey itself, from which every detail is to be copied. With his old unreasoning aversion to stone vaults, Mr. Fergusson proposes that the roof of the central aisle at least should be of wood; not, however, a copy of stone groining, like the ceiling at York and the new roofs at Chester and Ripon have, but of the same type of open beams and panelling which is believed to have been exhibited, though at a considerably later date, in St. Stephen's Chapel, and later still in Westminster Hall. To this last, with some little disregard of chronology, Mr. Fergusson refers as showing "how ornamental such a roof may be made."

We must add one word as to the buildings to be swept away in carrying out either Mr. Shaw Lefevre's or Mr. Fergusson's plans, which the latter contemptuously condemns as "second-class clerical residences." It is evident that he can never have examined the site, and that he must be writing in complete ignorance of the history of the Abbey. Among the slighted buildings are the Infirmary Hall, a building of the fifteenth century absolutely complete, including its open roof; the houses on the north side of the Infirmary cloister, formerly the chambers of the sick brethren, the doorways and windows of which remain, with a good deal of mediæval work incorporated in the more modern buildings; and the most valuable relic of all, the nave of St. Catherine's in the Infirmary Chapel, with its south arcade of Transition Norman work still perfect, with the walls of its chancel and its altar still *in situ*. When it is remembered that, apart from its architectural and archaeological interest as an integral portion of the great Benedictine Monastery of Westminster, this chapel was the place of meeting of the twenty-four provincial councils of Westminster, and of the consecration of several of our leading mediæval bishops, among whom we may reckon St. Hugh of Lincoln and Bernard of St. David's; that from this chapel Anselm issued his canons, which in-

cluded in their denunciations the long locks of laymen and the marriage of the clergy; that here took place the memorable squabble for precedence between the two primates, Richard, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Roger, Archbishop of York, in the presence of the Papal Legate, when, as Fuller has it, "York, finding Canterbury seated on the Legate's right hand, fairly sits him down on Canterbury's lap—a baby too big to be danced thereon"; and "Canterbury's servants dandled this large child with a witness, who plucked him from thence and buffeted him to purpose"—his fellows beating him with sticks and fists—"baculis et pugnibus," writes Gervas, tore off the Archbishop's hood and robes, and dragged him out of the chapel; and that here also Henry III. swore to maintain the privileges of the Church in the presence of the assembled archbishops and bishops, who "dashed their candles stinking and smoking to the ground, with an anathema on any who should violate them"—it is evident that these "second-class clerical residences" have something to urge for their preservation as historical memorials, which we are sure only requires to be known to have its claim allowed.

It may be asked, if this scheme of a monumental chapel is set aside, what alternative can be proposed to relieve the plethora of the Abbey? We ask, Might not the Triforia be thus utilized? Some little while back we showed how extensive these galleries are, and what abundance of room they permit for monuments for a long time to come. Now employed for storing odds and ends, they might claim a nobler use as monumental galleries. They are lofty and well lighted, and broad enough for easy passage to and fro. All they require is to be made readier of access than by the existing newel staircases.

VENDETTA IN NAPLES.

A FOREIGN visitor to Naples who glances through the police reports in one of the local papers will probably form but a poor opinion of the security of the city. He will read, among other things, that from four to five persons are on an average daily found stabbed in the streets, and that those of the victims who are still living almost without exception declare that they are unable to supply any information with respect to their assailants. This in itself is startling; but when he learns that neither the killed nor the wounded have been robbed of a penny, his surprise will increase, and he will not improbably arrive at the conclusion that the town is infested by a band of miscreants who take a disinterested pleasure in murder, and look upon stabbing as a legitimate form of sport. The fact is that these crimes have all their origin in the vendetta, and that the lips of the sufferers are soaled by a sense of honour not more perverse than that which would prevent any gentleman from reporting the name of an opponent by whom he had been wounded in a duel. Both the vendetta and the duel are unquestionably barbarous and immoral; but to take an unfair advantage in either is base, and this is a baseness of which the lowest of the lazzaroni, to do him justice, is rarely guilty, even in his death agony.

The Neapolitans boast that they are not a revengeful people; and this is true if we compare them only with the Corsicans and the Calabrese. They stand too fully under the impression of the moment; they are too light-hearted and also too good-natured to hoard up the memory of an insult as if it were a secret treasure, and to wait and watch patiently for years for an opportunity of wiping it out in blood. Hence family feuds are almost unknown among them, though family is constantly quarrelling with family. Almost as soon as the traveller southwards passes Salerno, he finds himself among a different race. The forms are taller and sturdier, the features more strongly marked, and the movements heavier, but at the same time more decisive; energy is no longer expended in constant gesticulation; the faces of men and women alike are stern, almost forbidding, in their aspect, though he can hardly fail to be struck by the fact that there is more physical beauty here than in the region he has just left. The population seems to be wanting in the imagination, the spontaneity, the quick responsiveness, the poetry, the wit, and the humour of the Neapolitans, though their unintelligible dialect renders it impossible for him to be quite certain that he may not be mistaken on any of these points; but he feels that the persons whom he meets, though less amiable, are men on whose friendship he could rely more firmly, and whose enmity he would have more reason to dread. He has entered the country of the true vendetta.

Yet in Naples, too, as we have seen, it exists, though in a far milder form, and it is easier there to obtain trustworthy information about it. It is not the wild and reckless vengeance which foreigners usually suppose, but vengeance reduced to rule and recognized by public opinion. It is only in the most highly-civilized societies that men are content to entrust the defence of their honour to the law. Indeed, England is almost the only country in Europe in which the upper classes do so frankly. Everywhere else it is felt that there are personal wrongs which must be personally avenged, and any attempt to bring these before the public tribunals is considered an act of cowardice. What constitutes a technical insult of this kind is a question on which we cannot enter here, as the details of the code differ in different countries, and even in different classes; but it is perfectly well known to all whom it concerns. Now the lazzaroni entertain these feelings as strongly as the most chivalrous nobles; the vendetta is their duel,

and any peasant or fisherman who shrinks from entering upon one when due cause is given is treated with as much contempt by his equals as a German officer would be if he refused a challenge. This explains a fact that has often puzzled strangers. When a man has been stabbed the sympathy of the populace is almost invariably on the side of the assailant, whom they consider the probable victim of an unjust and cruel law. The act of which he has been guilty is no crime in their eyes. They know that his life would have been rendered intolerable if he had not committed it, and that now the only prospect before him, if he be discovered, is death or a lifelong ignominy. In the old days the brigands were constantly recruited by men who had had such a "misfortune," and who fled to the mountains to escape the galleys.

Vendetta may be incurred in a number of different ways. When a man has been slain or a woman seduced, the duty of revenging the act falls upon the nearest male relative, though if he be advanced in years it will probably be undertaken by a younger kinsman. In these cases punishment follows as a matter of course, and no warning need be given. The worst of personal insults is a remark casting direct obloquy on a parent, especially a dead mother. Merely to curse her soul is comparatively harmless, and even an allusion to her past life need not be taken amiss. There are a number of Neapolitan expressions which a stranger rarely hears, as they are only used for purposes of provocation, and which, with a very different meaning, have the same weight which such terms as liar or coward would have if addressed to a Continental officer. A blow from a master or an acknowledged superior is rarely seriously resented; from an equal it is said that one given with a stick may be forgiven, while one with the hand must be avenged. It is difficult, however, to obtain accurate information as to this and several other points in the lazzaroni's code of honour.

As soon as a man feels himself aggrieved he must give fair notice to his enemy; even if he intends to avenge the insult on the spot, he must allow his opponent time to unclasp his knife. Nor is this all. There is a strange courtesy and consideration for others in these hot-blooded Neapolitan beggars. A crime of violence is very rarely committed in the house of a friend or in a tavern, as this would cause the host unpleasantness. When young men quarrel over their wine, they do not fly at once at each other's throats; they talk and gesticulate fiercely, so that the stranger thinks a free fight may begin at any moment. While the noise lasts there is no danger; as soon as the matter grows serious those concerned become quiet and drop away in groups to settle their differences where nobody but themselves will have to bear the consequences.

A warning of vendetta may be given in so many words; but this is rarely done except in private, as, if the threat were known, the danger of the victor would be increased. The language of signs which every Neapolitan of the lower classes knows is generally made use of, and the gesture most commonly employed is made by pressing the thumb and the forefinger together in such a way as to leave a small narrow space between them, which is supposed to typify the hole the challenger hopes to make in his adversary's body. In Naples, too, men still bite their thumbs, as they did in the days of Sampson and Gregory; and this is not an expression of contempt, but a declaration of war. This gesture, however, has fallen a good deal out of use of late, as it is apt to attract attention, and it is said to be discouraged by the Camorra.

When the warning has once been given and understood, the claims of honour are satisfied. From thenceforth each opponent is free to guard his own life and attempt that of his adversary as best he can. He may lurk in dark and lonely corners, and stab him in the back without shame. This, which seems to an Englishman the foulest spot in the vendetta, has certainly been spreading of late years, since the vigilance of the police has rendered a fair combat almost impossible, and cunning and secrecy are the only arts by which the victor can hope to escape. In the old days, when an offence was slight, a fair combat with knives which ended in a scratch is said to have been thought as satisfactory by the lazzaroni as it still is by the journalists of Paris, though the fiercer kind of vendetta has always existed in the South. Yet, even when it assumes its wildest form, there are considerations that will stay the hand of the avenger. We have the following story on what seems to us good authority. A Calabrese who had incurred vendetta fled to the neighbourhood of Naples, and remained there between five and six years. A marriage then took place in his family; it was desirable that he should be present, and he thought the interval was long enough to permit him to visit his home in safety. He invited one of his new friends to accompany him. They met his old opponent in the street, and he passed them without notice; but, on meeting the Neapolitan alone one evening in the tavern, he treated him with very marked, though not effusive, courtesy. The two acquaintances returned to Naples without the slightest unpleasantness. A year or so later the Calabrese, thinking that the affair had blown over, resolved to settle once more in his native place. In a very few days he was found stabbed to death. After some years the Neapolitan once more accepted an invitation to the village, and when there spoke about the murder of his friend to the tavern-keeper. "It was the old vendetta, of course." "Yes, but — had several opportunities during the wedding; why did not he take advantage of any of them?" "That would have been painful to you, and no Calabrese would willingly be rude to a foreign guest." There was a good deal of provincial bravado in the reply, no doubt; but the

sentiment that prompted it was real. That was what the inn-keeper thought it would be truly noble to do; perhaps, after all, it was what — die.

To return to Naples. Men will often speak in the heat of a moment words which they regret when they are cool. A vendetta seldom arises out of these, unless the two opponents are alone and draw their knives almost at once. If they have companions, two parties are immediately formed by a common understanding, and each of the adversaries is accompanied home by his supporters on roundabout ways which prevent the chance of a meeting. One friend has cigars to buy at a particular shop, another must pay a little account, a third is obliged to speak a word or two with his cousin. The rage of both the adversaries has generally cooled down considerably before they reach their own doors, and in an hour or so afterwards they are ready to listen to reason. If the case be a difficult one, a Camorrist is called in as umpire to decide who has been technically in the wrong, and the man against whom judgment is given is expected not only to make an apology to his opponent, but to invite him, the friends who prevented the fray, and above all the Camorrist, to a sumptuous dinner. It may be remarked here that the Camorra undertakes the task of avenging the wrongs done to its own members. If any one of them be killed or wounded, his kinsmen are informed that they have neither the duty nor the right to undertake the vendetta; vengeance in such a case belongs to the association alone, and it rarely fails in inflicting it.

Old men among the lazzaroni assert that the vendetta has been demoralized of late. Thirty years ago the offences that must be answered by the knife were clearly known. Now, men stab each other in a passing fit of passion, or, what is worse, from rivalry in business, and the populace which would formerly have torn such a culprit to pieces is now eager to screen him. They complain that in momentary encounters the due notice is not always fairly given, but that a man often draws his own knife from his pocket and even unclasp it before he speaks a word of warning, and that such an act of murder, not vendetta, is not sufficiently resented. Whether these things are so or not we cannot say, and we have no desire either to contribute to the re-establishment of the vendetta in Italy or to acclimatize it in England. If we have thought it worth while to give this rough sketch of its character, it is because it is the last poor and degraded survival of a condition of things through which every civilized country in Europe has passed, and which, when it was in the ascendant, formed the theme of a thousand romances, some of which are not yet forgotten.

HANDEL'S *ACIS AND GALATEA* AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

LAST Saturday's Concert at the Crystal Palace was intended as a commemoration of the birth of Handel and the programme consisted entirely of his *Serenata*, *Acis and Galatea*. It is true that this beautiful work is but too rarely heard; yet all lovers of music must be familiar with its every note. It would be well, indeed, if many of our modern composers would devote a little time to a careful study and analysis of this great work. In its character it is essentially dramatic, and there are yet among us some who can remember its production on the stage in the form of an opera, with Clara Novello in the part of Galatea, and Staudigl in the part of Polyphemus. Those who can remember this will tell us that, in spite of some liberties taken with the score, in spite of obvious difficulties in the dramatic representation of some of the characters, and in spite of the necessity of filling up the gaps necessarily left in the work in its *Serenata* form, its success, not only with the dilettante, but also with the "town," was very great. The lesson which we think many composers, or would-be composers, may learn from Handel's dramatic work is that fine, strong, dramatic musical feeling does not necessarily demand eccentric and novel methods of musical expression; and, secondly, that the old classical methods, even when rigidly adhered to, do not necessarily destroy or obscure poetic thought. The performance given last Saturday was, on the whole, one of very high merit. In the overture and throughout the orchestral passages one could not help feeling that Mr. Manns was rather keeping his powers of expression under, in deference to that curious bugbear the Handelian tradition. We do not wish for one moment to hint that his reading of the music was cold; but the feeling was produced that he would willingly have infused more life and passion into it had he not been restrained by the fear of being un-Handelian. It must be confessed that the somewhat exacting music of *Acis and Galatea* brought out to some degree a slight want of finish in the performance of the band. It is but rarely at a Crystal Palace concert that the conductor has occasion to strike his desk with an audible beat, but on Saturday last Mr. Manns was several times compelled to use this extreme measure.

In discussing the performance of the chorus we must always bear in mind that the Crystal Palace choir but rarely has an opportunity of singing in public at concerts in which the orchestra is also employed. On the whole, they displayed a good quality of tone and very true intonation; but, though their attack was occasionally excellent in points to which attention had obviously been directed in rehearsal, in their level singing there was frequently a certain wooliness or haziness, due no doubt to

want of practice in singing together in public. Miss Mary Davies sang the music of Galatea. Her vocalization was all that could be wished, but unfortunately there was on several occasions traces of the inroads of that fatal and invidious malady, the tremolo. Charming though her singing was, during the earlier part of the *Serenata* it appeared to us to be too cold. For instance, Galatea's reply to Polyphemus—

Of infant limbs to make my food,
And swirl full draughts of human blood!
Go, monster! bid some other guest;
I loathe the host;—I loathe the feast.

the words of which are surely strong enough, and the music of which appears most perfectly to express the dramatic situation, was sung by her without a particle of feeling or effect. Later on Miss Davies seemed to warm to the sentiment of the music, and her singing of the last recitative and air, "Tis done, thus I exert my power divine," was charming from every point of view. The part of Acis was sung at short notice by Mr. Piercy, who replaced Mr. Winch, absent through indisposition. We need only say that he possesses a voice of extremely good quality, and showed signs of musical powers of great promise. Mr. Bridson sang the music of Polyphemus, and though in some of the more florid music his vocalization may not have been all that the most exacting critic could desire, yet, by his fine voice, artistic method, and strong dramatic feeling he achieved an undoubted success. Mr. Charles Chilley, who has a pleasing baritone voice, with a strong touch of the tenor quality, sang the part of Damon most successfully. Indeed, it would be difficult for any artist to excel him by far in the recitative "Would you gain the tender creature"; and perhaps Mr. Chilley sang his words even more audibly than the other artists, though all sang them with a distinctness of articulation unfortunately too rare.

POLITICAL JAPAN.

APPRECIATION of her art and artistic products makes the name of Japan familiar enough upon our lips, yet how little most of us know of the country and its people and government. In spite of publications, the mere titles of which fill many columns of library catalogues, the general level of information about the Japanese people and their political condition is probably not unfairly represented by two anecdotes, trite enough among residents in the Far East, but presumably not so well known to the generality of our readers. One of these stories tells how, not so many years ago, when a Special Ambassador from Japan, charged with an important political mission to the Great Powers, was about to have audience of the Prince-Chancellor of a certain nation in the middle of Europe, the great man, absorbed in European problems, after beating his brain a few moments to bring it to bear on the new subject of attention, sprang up at last fully prepared for the interview by the sudden inspiration:—"Ah! Japan. Of course; that's where they do the butterfly 'trick'!" The other story is related by an Englishman who some years ago had charge, on his way home, of two or three young Japanese gentlemen going to Europe to pursue a course of foreign study. They travelled by way of San Francisco, and, a few days out from land, the American skipper came up to our friend and, with a backward nod of the head and a jerk of the thumb over his shoulder in the direction of the young Japanese, inquired—"Princes?" "No." "Acrobats?" "No." "Then what the 'nation are they!" Yet, with all due allowance for these doubtless important classes, there are some thirty-five millions of people in Japan who are neither princes nor acrobats, and who would be sorely put to it if called upon to do the butterfly trick. Nor are *curios* the sole product of the country; though the aspect of the Japanese Court at the recent Fisheries Exhibition would lend some colour to this supposition; and a country is apt to be known only for that characteristic which most meets the public eye—

India mittit ebur, molles sua thura Sabei.

But the thirty-five million people of the Japanese Empire have a history of their own—though, to be sure, they did their best at one time to break with it; but that phase is over, and progress now takes the healthier direction of an adaptation of the old forms to the new ideas and requirements rather than the wholesale substitution of an alien for an indigenous civilization. They have also present interests and aspirations, moral and material, social, political, and intellectual, of a very rare kind: and they have a policy, foreign and domestic, that must shape for good or for evil a future destiny, the development of which will be watched with the curious interest attaching to an experiment unique in the history of civilization.

The new departure in Japanese history, precipitated and its direction determined by the advent of foreign fleets in 1854, and the conclusion of treaties opening the ports to foreign commerce, dates from the revolution which in 1868 overturned the old feudal system, and destroyed the power of the usurping Captain-General, known to us under the title of Tycoon, and restored the Mikado to the *de facto* as well as *de jure* position of an absolute Emperor, the paternal despot and central figure of a completely centralized Government. The constructive work of the subsequent period—the introduction of wholly new political machinery, legislative, administrative, fiscal, and judicial; the creation of a national army and navy and mercantile marine; the introduction

of railways, and the completion of a domestic service of posts and telegraphs equal to any in the world, and brought into union with the international systems; the erection of lighthouses, harbours, docks, arsenals, and fortifications; the creation of a national mint and a coinage of unsurpassed beauty and finish and unquestioned purity; the formation of a universal system of education, higher and lower, and the training of large numbers of selected students at home and abroad in theoretical and applied science, law, medicine, and general learning—all these works we can but refer to as the results of the laborious genius and statesmanlike initiative of a Government new to most of such duties, retarded at first by rebellion secret and overt, weighted by an inheritance of internal debt (largely increased by the demands of the new epoch and of the compensation due to an expropriated feudal aristocracy), and hampered throughout by the imperfect enlightenment of its subjects and doubtful loyalty of some of its own followers, as well as by the restrictions of an anomalous international status. The political achievements of Japanese statesmen have not passed unnoticed by thoughtful observers like Miss Bird, and the late Mr. Mounsey, in his *History of the Satsuma Rebellion*, not to speak of other writers, whose fulsome laudation of everything Japanese deprives their compilations of all real value. But the full magnitude of all this has probably yet to be generally recognized; and it is the opinion of many who have had opportunities of watching history being made in Japan, that there is a breadth of political conception, and a boldness and originality of action, about the men who made the revolution of 1868, and those who are still carrying forward its spirit and its aims, that should give them a high place among those who have given to the world its greatest monuments of constructive political genius. It is well worthy of remark that of these men almost all came from the lower ranks, comparatively speaking, of the official class. A few there have been, and are, among them of men born to the highest stations; but these are found in the position of leaders solely on account of their personal qualities; the majority of their order retain not even the semblance of power.

The present in Japan is essentially a period of transition. The Oath of the then youthful Emperor at the restoration of his dynasty to actual power in 1868—the Magna Charta of Japan—promised the ultimate adoption of popular institutions and constitutional government. At that time the machinery of even bureaucratic methods had to be erected anew on the basis of centralisation; and constant modifications have scarcely yet ceased to be made towards the perfection of the mechanism. But the Imperial promise has not meanwhile been forgotten either by people or rulers. Renewed and ratified on more than one subsequent occasion, it has always been a living reality. The first steps towards its direct fulfilment were taken a few years ago in the creation of elective local assemblies in all divisions, from the village community and town ward up to the city and prefecture. Sufficient success attended this tentative measure to justify the Government in yielding at length to the demand unceasingly made in the press and on public platforms for the assignment of a definite date for the complete fulfilment of the charter by the introduction of the representative system into the control of national as well as of local affairs; and by an Imperial Rescript given in 1881, the year 1890 has been fixed for the crowning of the constitutional edifice. It is a bold venture for a nation that will by that time have barely attained its majority since the new birth that succeeded the collapse of a decrepit feudalism. But there seems no ground for undue anxiety for the consequences. Much has already been done by the introduction of the representative principle into the management of local affairs, and by the influence of a newspaper press, not free, as we understand freedom, but subject only to such restraint as is necessary among an excitable people new to liberty, and only beginning to imbibe political knowledge. Much, however, no doubt remains to be done. But if, as there is reason to believe, the parliamentary forms of the German Government are found to predominate in the scheme now being elaborated for Japan, another proof will have been given of that cautious conservatism which so strangely mingles with the reforming energy of those who are moulding the political character of this remarkable people. Whatever the beauties or shortcomings of the German Constitution, it cannot be accused of too democratic a tendency. Be the electorate large or small, the representative Chamber itself will no doubt consist exclusively of the "gentry," who formerly monopolized all, and still fill all the highest posts, both civil and military—the "soldiers, scholars, poets" of the race. To obtain a good Upper Chamber the nobility will have to be rehabilitated—at present they can as an order be scarcely said to exist—and their ranks stiffened by a considerable addition from the higher grades of officials and gentry. These represent at present all the superior education and political capacity in the country. As for the power of the Crown and its Ministers, there is no fear of that being left out of sight in a system modelled as this one is likely to be.

The constitutional change effected by the introduction of the principle of representation, great and fundamental though it must be, will not conspicuously affect the administrative work of the Government. As it exists at present, the Government may be called (if the paradox be permitted) a constitutional despotism—that is to say, though it lies solely with the Emperor and his Council of Ministers to order or to modify the form of the administration, and though all effective legislative power resides in the same body, yet there is not that arbitrariness generally associated with the idea of absolutism, especially in the Orient. The Emperor and the Council are bound, and feel themselves bound,

by the solemn promise of the oath or charter, to carry on the Government "for the sake of the governed," as our phrase goes. Every administrative act, every exercise of secondary legislative power, depends upon a written "Constitution," and is restricted by the power or authority so conferred. Below the Emperor's Council of Ministers, which is the supreme power in the State, the individual member of the Council, presiding as a Minister over each administrative department, has authority strictly limited by the written constitution of his Ministry, for the exercise of which authority he is responsible to the joint body of his colleagues and to his Sovereign; while, as towards the rest of the world, the principle of Cabinet solidarity and joint responsibility is fully recognized and acted upon. The application of the last-named principle is exemplified from time to time by the secession of some Minister unable to go with his colleagues in this or that policy. In the earlier years of the present form of government, such secessions, not infrequently diverging on fundamental questions, became sometimes the leaders of abortive revolutions, whereby the foundations of the Government have by this time been firmly cemented. Nowadays, of those who thus retire, though not all capable of forming among themselves a homogeneous party, the majority nevertheless fall somehow into the ranks of a body which, if bound by no other ties, is at least united by hostility to the existing Cabinet. Out of this body and their followers, when the time for parliamentary government arrives, will be formed no doubt in the most natural way possible a political party ready to assume at once the attitude of a Parliamentary Opposition; and, once given a party of "ins" and a party of "outs," the rest, we all know, is simplicity itself.

The powers of administration and of subsidiary legislation vested in the provincial governments and prefectures are fixed, like those of the central departments, by a written Constitution. The governor or prefect is responsible to one or other of the central Ministries, according to the nature of the case, as public works, education, and so forth, the general control being in the hands of the Home Department. The elective county and district boards already alluded to have likewise their functions and scope strictly assigned and limited. The conflicts between these and the prefects give rise, now and again, to some very pretty constitutional quarrels, for the composing whereof a special Committee, representing the legislature, the executive, and the judiciary, is appointed *ad hoc* in the Privy Council Office.

Thus it will be seen that Japan has already reached the point of political development represented by a smoothly-working centralized bureaucracy. In this cursory bird's-eye view we must pass lightly over other features of her polity. Finance, after passing through troubled times, has, it may be hoped with some confidence, been placed at length upon a sound basis. The external debt, never large, has been almost extinguished. The internal liabilities, consisting principally of a fiat currency, have now, by a judicious system of amortisement, been so dealt with that, if no war or other national disaster interferes, specie payments may be resumed before many years. Law and judicature, already for many years radically reformed since feudal times, are still in the crucible. Complete codes of civil and criminal—to which will have to be added constitutional—law, have been compiled by the aid of European jurists on Western models. Of these, the Criminal Code and Code of Criminal Procedure—formed principally on the lines of the Code Napoléon, but drawing also upon all known codes—have been promulgated and put into force now some two years or more. The various branches of civil and commercial law will follow very rapidly, being, it is understood, on the point of final revision. Meanwhile, the judiciary is being remodelled, and its ranks recruited from the now numerous class of younger men who have received a complete training, either at home or abroad, in Western jurisprudence. It is probable, too, and very desirable, that, when all the codes are in force, the new legal and judicial machinery should be set in motion by the aid of a certain admixture of foreign lawyers appointed as judges in its courts by the Japanese Government. But this suggests one of the burning questions of Japan's foreign relations; and of those relations generally we hope to give a brief sketch another day.

A FRENCH SALON.

IN English it is difficult to find a word that shall adequately connote all those ideas of sociability which a Frenchwoman has in mind when she claims a friend as an *habitué* of her *salon*. We do not frequent the drawing-rooms of our friends in England in the sense in which various persons become the *habitués* of certain *salons* in Paris; and the fact that in English society the *habitué* is such a *rarissima avis* (if not a biped altogether unknown) may be said to mark the wide difference of national character so striking to any one who mixes alternately in the society of the two countries separated by but one score miles of shallow sea. The only place of which the Englishman can be called an *habitué* is his Club. The London man certainly does frequent his pet Club with an assiduity and a faithfulness that is in marked contrast to his erratic movements and uncertain presence at the social entertainments of his friends.

In France *le Club* is socially speaking of little import. It is even now after years of acclimatization but an exotic, fostered by the tender care of those who love to make a display of their Anglomania, and the *cafés* have had no cause to complain of any diminution in their customers since the institution of the *Cercles*. To obtain information, to rest his brain, to find companionship,

the Londoner goes to his Club; while with the like purpose, the Parisian takes his hat and cane, and with the same latitude in the matter of dress which is the privilege of Club-life with us, he will betake himself to some private house and form one among the circle of friends, gathered together without special invitation on certain afternoons or evenings, in the drawing-room of some lady who has the art "*de faire salon*." Here he will find, should he want it, the person from whom he may acquire his information; he may discuss the current news; or he may simply listen, for listening is much cultivated among even the most witty of the French. Of French society the elementary unit is without doubt the *habitué*, and, it will be noted, the *habitués* of a *salon*, though they may not become intimate friends, are assuredly not to be placed in the category of mere acquaintances. So and so, it will be said, can hardly be your intimate friend, since you still call him *Monsieur* after having met him regularly at a certain house for the last quarter of a century; but, though you may know nothing of his private affairs, or of his relatives, you are intimately acquainted with his views and his ideas on men and things; and although you may in point of fact have but little in common with him, you would miss him from his place were he gone, and sincerely deplore his absence, for his presence has contributed an item to form the very agreeable whole presented by the drawing-room of your friend.

To have a recognized *salon* is the ambition of every Frenchwoman who aims at social success, and dinners across the Channel are not the indispensable rite that they are in society with us. It is still possible to get people to meet and talk in Paris without supplying them with food, and a cup of weak tea is more often than not the sole stimulant of much excellent conversation. To become more intimate with their acquaintances it is customary for French ladies to receive one day in the week during the afternoon, and on this day every one must call, at least once, who wishes to profit by the evening gatherings, and continue the acquaintance made at some chance meeting.

On this point the social law is very strict, and it will be noted that throughout society in France, and on the Continent in general, though there is little ceremony, etiquette is strictly observed, and any breach of its regulations is seldom condoned—even in an (ignorant) foreigner. In English society, until the precincts of the palace be reached, the rules of etiquette are almost unknown, or if known, are more honoured in the breach than in the observance. But across the water this is by no means the case, and that English people with difficulty comprehend this, is perhaps one reason for their finding French society somewhat exclusive. Furthermore, as with the rule of the road, customs in England and France generally go by contraries. For instance, the last arrivals call first, and further instances might easily be adduced; but these are elementary rules that an Englishman does easily learn. It is in the drawing-room, however, that he is most apt to sin through ignorance. For who shall tell him that during an afternoon call he must leave his greatcoat and umbrella in the ante-room, that into the drawing-room he is expected to bring his hat, and that at the beginning of the visit, in any case, he should keep on his gloves? These are matters which we in England hold to be optional or indifferent, but on which French *bienséance* is inflexible. To call on a Parisian lady in an overcoat and carrying an umbrella is deemed almost as insulting as to go into her drawing-room with your hat on; and were her husband your candid friend he would probably inform you that his wife's rooms were warmed, and that the rain did not come through.

But it is in her talent for combining the various elements of her society that the genius of a French hostess shows its highest development. Heine, if we are not mistaken, was wont to say, in characterizing the society of London and Paris, that the English were gregarious but not sociable, while the French were sociable but not gregarious. The innumerable balls where the majority do not dance, drums where people will not talk but where there is abundant food and drink for those who have already dined, entertainments, in short, such as we are perpetually "going on to" during a London season, are of rare occurrence in Paris. We give ourselves endless trouble in the lighting up of our houses, the providing of victuals, and the getting together of more people than our rooms will conveniently hold; but, when the guests are assembled, the part of the hostess too often ends with their reception. She does not regard it as incumbent on her to try to elicit the conversational powers of her friends and make them give of their best by, so to speak, fathoming their minds and drawing up that which is valuable in them. To be introduced is considered a bore, if not an absolute insult. The French hostess, on the contrary, is perhaps a little oblivious of the creature-comforts of her guests; but then she gives herself an infinity of trouble in the management of her *salon*; and, although she herself may talk but little, she is the prime mover in the conversation, keeping up the ball by an occasional word thrown in adroitly from time to time. Since crowds are, as a rule, avoided, the conversation is kept more general in France than with us, *tête-à-têtes* in a low voice not being encouraged; each one talks, but not all at once; for it will be observed that from the earliest age a talent for narration is much cultivated, and that a Frenchman knows how to put his ideas into the compact form fitted for their comprehension by an audience of several persons. On the avoidance of *tête-à-têtes* it may be related how, at certain little dinners of eight or a dozen at most, at a house in the Faubourg St-Germain, all private conversation with one's neighbour is absolutely prohibited; each guest must address his or her con-

versation to the whole table in general; and, should any offend the rule, a call to order is immediately made by the tingling of a little bell at the right hand of the hostess's plate. This is, perhaps, carrying matters to an extreme; still it clearly marks the general tendency.

In a *salon* such as we have now in mind we must admit that young ladies are but of little account. In France they neither rule the roast socially, as is the case in America, nor do they monopolize the attention of the less ornamental portion of humanity and throw the dowagers into the shade, as is the case with us. From her education and the early age at which girls in France generally marry (or are married), the conversation of young ladies is but little appreciated by men who are already in the world engaged in the battle of life. And in further explanation of the insignificant position occupied by the Parisian "girl of the period," it must be borne in mind that our British method of courtship by flirtation is little practised over the water, also that what men there seek in the society of women is just that companionship and sympathy which the unmarried woman is least capable of giving. A matter of continual surprise to an Englishman who has the luck to gain admittance to a French *salon* is the truly catholic range of the matters that will come under discussion. There is no subject that a Frenchman will not discuss seriously, and think it is to his profit to do so, with a Frenchwoman. It might almost be said that there is no serious subject that in London a man will discuss thoroughly with a lady; for, as a rule, he does not hold that he will increase his stock of ideas by giving himself the trouble. In Paris men, whether from vanity or from other reasons, talk their best when ladies are their auditors, and they assuredly seek the society of women far more from sympathy with their minds than from admiration for their outward attractions. *Esprit*, which is not wit, but which has been defined as that "quick perception which seizes the ideas of others easily and returns ready change for them," is in truth what men most prize in women, it being a quality independent of beauty, and, while the mind lasts, not lessened by age. It has been frequently remarked how in their old age French men and women preserve not only their good-humour, but their gaiety, to the last. This is of course in part dependent on good health, for with them gout and dyspepsia are not common maladies. But for the cheerfulness of his declining years a Frenchman will look to the *salons* of his friends, and, since it has ever been the custom for intimate society in France to assemble in the evening, he, after dinner, not being a club man, will take his hat and cane to go out and pay his visits. In some dimly-lighted *salon au zième* he will find a welcome from the circle gathered round the fireside, where all are *habitués*, and where each, eschewing the weather and the discussion of his personal health, brings forth his remarks on passing events, and contributes some new observation to the common stock.

Paris has still many things in points of material comfort that she might copy with advantage from London; we admit that her hackney-carriages are vile, the coachmen demanding *pourboires*, and driving abominably; that her postal service is dear, and uncertain; that her theatres are uncomfortable, tawdry, and, as Mr. Matthew Arnold might say, lubricious. But society is understood better there than it is with us. Although all human beings are social, women are more so than men, and in their taste for analysing sentiments, and in the delight they take in seeing into the minds of others, have created, in France especially, the great art of conversation which has long since become the favourite excitement of the French nation.

THE PICTURE GALLERIES.

THE practice of exhibiting an artist's works by themselves is growing rapidly. Mr. Halswelle's Upper Thames sketches were only withdrawn on Saturday, and on the same day an exhibition of Mr. W. L. Wyllie's watercolour drawings of the Lower Thames was opened at a private view. They are at the rooms of the Fine Art Society in New Bond Street, where Mr. Hunt's pictures may still be seen in two adjoining galleries. The introduction to the catalogue is written by Mr. Grant Allen, and consists chiefly of a history of the Thames as the port of London. Into no other river of Europe does the tide penetrate so far. Besides being the deepest and safest estuary and river in England, it looks eastward towards the flourishing cities of the Low Countries; and in early times its chief port lay far in the interior of the country, and was comparatively safe from the attacks of freebooters. As a fact, however, London suffered heavily in the Danish invasions. Yet Mr. Allen does not, in his historical sketch, so much as name them. He appears, too, to be under some vague impression as to the continuity of London commercial life from Roman times, an idea which has been frequently combated of late. For the rest, though his introduction has nothing to do with Mr. Wyllie's pictures, it is pleasant reading, though we cannot agree with him when he asserts that the impartial foreigner generally describes the first sight of England as "dismally ugly, dull, and monotonous." Coming up the Thames from abroad on a sunny morning, with views of Kentish cliffs, woods, and churches on the left, and with the wide green meadows and far blue hills of Essex on the right, seldom fails to impress the foreigner very favourably. The Australian, who must on this point be reckoned as a foreigner, is astonished

beyond measure at the verdure. He has never seen anything like it at home, and in this respect we venture to think Mr. Wyllie falls short of our expectations. It is true there are many grim places, black with smoke and brown with filthy mud, on both banks, but there are quite as many pleasant meadows and timbered parks. Except in a view of Leigh (25), there is very little of this kind of scenery represented, and in this view the watery foreground is not successfully painted. As a rule, however, Mr. Wyllie excels in the difficult task of painting waves in pure water-colour; and one little picture, "Our Wake," not catalogued, is a marvel of skill in this respect. Every one who has indulged in the luxury of a sea voyage in a large steamer will remember the fascination of gazing over the taffrail and watching the ever-changing mosaic of blue and white which the vessel leaves on the surface behind her. This Mr. Wyllie has caught with amazing skill and fidelity. "Tilbury Fort" (41) is disappointing. Mr. Wyllie has given us a very breezy sketch; but the old fort, which Wren built under the direction of Samuel Pepys, plays a very subordinate part in it. A twilight view of the "Worcester Training Ship" (48) is clever, and so is "Southend Pier" (24); while the wreck on "Margate Sand" (14) has a most melancholy effect. Mr. Wyllie has been most successful, perhaps, in giving a picturesque effect to a commonplace subject; and there are no sketches in the Gallery prettier than the "Nore Light Ship" (21), or the "SS. *Tongariro*" (58), a vessel which is celebrated in certain circles as having made "the quickest passage known from New Zealand to Plymouth." A very pleasant hour may be spent among Mr. Wyllie's sketches, especially by any one who has been over the ground yachting or otherwise.

Mr. Tooth opens his Gallery in the Haymarket to-day by a private view of a large number of important pictures. There is a small *Fortuny*, "In the Vatican," some connoisseurs examining a portfolio of old drawings, which alone would make it worth while to visit the Gallery. In addition there is a *Long*, painted in 1868, but now first exhibited, "Christmas Day at Seville"—a lady distributing alms to gipsies and others—which will please people who prefer Mr. Long's early manner to the later. It is flanked by two landscapes by Mr. Ernest Parton, one of which, "Autumn on the Warfe," contains the portrait of a most graceful birch-tree. "The Carpet Seller," by Benjamin Constant, is in the same room, and is full of the light and colour to be seen in the courtyard of an Arab house at Algiers. Mr. Burton Barber contributes one of his charming scenes of child and dog life, "Charity begins at Home." Signor Raffaele Sorbi's "Card Players" will be welcomed by those who remember his dancing scene last year. It is marvellously finished and delicate. Mr. Stewart, the young American artist of whom one hears so much now in Paris, exhibits "The Leisure Hour," a lady in grey standing in front of a wide white window. The treatment is masterly. M. Sadé shows his usual "Beach at Scheveningen," the sobriety and delicacy of which never pall. We must return to this Gallery next week; so far we have only mentioned pictures in the outer room.

Messrs. Agnew have a good exhibition of their recent acquisitions in Old Bond Street. It includes a little Walker and some fine Turners. There is a typical William Hunt, the "Cydon and Iphigenia," a Cox, and a number of Rossettis, besides works by living artists—altogether an interesting and well-assorted collection of watercolours. Mr. Halswelle's "Flood Time" will attract most attention, perhaps, among the works of living artists; but there is an Arab sheikh by Mr. Carl Haag, a series of sketches by Mr. Birket Foster, a frame of drawings by Mr. Randolph Caldecott; and many other favourite names are equally well represented.

In our recent notice of the Dudley Gallery we spoke of "A Pottery Shop at Bruges" (96), by Miss Tanner. This work was, we learn, painted by Miss C. A. Channer.

HAVE WE MADE EGYPT BANKRUPT?

THE mismanagement of affairs in Egypt by Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet has not only plunged that country into political and social confusion, but has once more raised the question whether she is able to pay her way? Ministers intervened in Egypt protesting that they intended only the benefit of the Egyptians, but the result has been to render the condition of the fellahen more miserable than ever, and to bring the Government near to insolvency. Already we hear suggestions of a fresh liquidation. Liquidations have been too common in the past. A fresh one would not be a creditable outcome of the intervention of a Minister who is a financier before everything. It was in 1862 that the Khedive first applied to the money markets of Western Europe as a borrower, and so well did he use or abuse his credit that fourteen years later Mr. Cave found that he had burdened his people with an annual charge on account of debt of over 7½ millions sterling. This was considerably more than a guinea a head per annum for every man, woman, and child in Egypt, and it could be paid only out of fresh loans. The credit of the country was already exhausted, and fresh loans could not be obtained from the public. The Khedive, therefore, had to apply to usurers, who accommodated him at extortionate rates of interest, plunging him deeper and deeper in difficulties. This could not last, and Messrs. Goschen and Joubert, as representatives of the English and French Bondholders, entered into a compromise with the Khedive by which all existing loans were amalgamated into two consolidated debts;

the Preference Debt of 17 millions sterling, bearing interest at the rate of 5 per cent., and the Unified Debt of 59 millions sterling, bearing 7 per cent. interest. A little time elapsed, and it became clear that the reduced debt charge was still too heavy. The Khedive satisfied his creditors by constantly adding to his floating debt, and the danger of repudiation once more became imminent. A Commission of Liquidation, representing fourteen foreign Powers, was assembled at Cairo, and a new arrangement of the debt was arrived at. The floating debt was consolidated, increasing both the Preference and the Unified Debts, and the interest on the latter was reduced to 4 per cent. The interest on the Preference Debt was unchanged, and to pay it the revenues of the railways, the telegraphs, and the port of Alexandria were assigned. If this should not prove sufficient, the revenues assigned for the payment of the interest on the Unified Debt were to make up the balance. These latter consisted of the revenues of four provinces, and the customs and tobacco duties. It was further stipulated that a sinking fund should be provided sufficient to extinguish the Preference Debt in sixty-five years. And if any excess remained after paying the interest on the Unified Debt, it was agreed that it should be applied to the purchase of Unified bonds in the open market at the price of the day. Hitherto the assigned revenues have not only sufficed to pay the interest on the Preference and Unified Debts, and to provide a sinking fund for the former, but they have yielded a considerable surplus for the reduction of the Unified Debt by purchases. In addition to these two State debts there are two other debts—that of the Daira Sanieh and that of the State Domains—which are both specially secured by the mortgage of land formerly belonging to the Khedive and his family. If the revenues of these lands are not sufficient to furnish interest and sinking fund, the revenues allocated to defray the cost of administration are to make up the deficit. If properly managed, these lands are ample security for the debt secured upon them. But they are not properly managed. Besides, the precautions by which they are hedged around prevent the Commissioners from forming reserve funds in good years to meet any deficits that may occur in bad years. Consequently these debts are a constant charge upon the public exchequer. At present the outstanding amount of the four debts is about 95½ millions sterling, and the revenue required for the payment of interest and sinking fund in the present year is about 4,373,000*l.* Furthermore, Egypt is bound to pay as tribute to the Sultan about 682,000*l.* per annum, the tribute being mortgaged for loans advanced not to Egypt but to Turkey. Thus the total debt charge of Egypt for herself and Turkey somewhat exceeds 5 millions sterling. And as the revenue of Egypt is roughly about 9 millions sterling, the debt charge amounts to about 56 per cent. of the total revenue.

As long as it was thought certain that England and France would enforce the Law of Liquidation, it worked satisfactorily. There was a surplus yielded both by the assigned revenues and by those remaining to defray the expense of administration. It was therefore found possible to reduce the debt, and at the same time to construct useful public works. But the rise of Arabi led to a large increase in the army expenditure. And the war that followed not only wasted wealth, but disorganized trade and gave a blow to credit from which it has not yet recovered. The massacre of Alexandria drove out of the country the principal merchants and capitalists. And the protestations of the British Government of its resolve to evacuate the country in a few months prevented the revival of confidence; while its meddling destroyed the prestige of the Khedive. Lastly, the disasters in the Soudan have completed the political and economic disorganization. In consequence Alexandria has not been rebuilt; nor has there been an inflow of capital to give an impetus to trade. The rate of interest payable by the fellahen, too, throughout the country has risen very greatly, and their misery has been aggravated. The result is that the Egyptian Government finds itself in serious embarrassments. There was a large deficit last year; and the debt is once more rapidly growing. Already compensation to the amount of nearly 4 millions sterling has been awarded to those who suffered from the burning and bombardment of Alexandria; while to cover the extraordinary expenses occasioned by Arabi's mutiny and by the expedition to the Soudan the Egyptian Government has incurred a new floating debt to the full limit allowed by the Law of Liquidation—that is, 2 millions sterling. In addition, the withdrawal from the Soudan will involve a large outlay. And, lastly, the indebtedness of the fellahen is so great that something must be done to protect them from the usurers. It is estimated, therefore, that to cover compensations, fund the floating debt, and meet all extraordinary charges, an addition must be made to the consolidated debt of about 7 millions sterling. It is obvious, however, that in the present state of Egypt she can borrow only at a very great discount. As the price of the Preference Bonds at present is only about 90, it is probable that she could not obtain 7 millions sterling in money by a new issue of these bonds at a higher price than 85*l.* per bond of the nominal value of 100*l.* This would add 8½ millions to her present debt, which, at 5 per cent., would add to the annual charge about 412,500*l.*, without speaking of any provision for the sinking fund. But already, as we have said, the extraordinary charges to which she has been put have caused a considerable deficit in the revenue available for State purposes, and the addition of this new debt would increase the deficit very seriously. Moreover, to add to the taxation for the purpose of paying interest on this debt

would plunge the fellahen deeper and deeper in distress, and, before long, would lead to the bankruptcy of the country. In these circumstances it is clear that some reduction of the burden upon the peasantry ought to be effected. If Mr. Gladstone were willing to assume a protectorate, it would be easy to do this without touching the Law of Liquidation. A State governed by England could easily borrow at 4 per cent. or less; there would be no difficulty, therefore, in converting the existing Egyptian debt in such a manner as to leave enough for the payment of the interest on the new loan. Furthermore, by converting the debt which is now secured upon the Turkish Tribute a considerable sum might be saved. But it is hardly worth while pointing out how this could be done, since Mr. Gladstone will not frankly recognize the responsibilities he has undertaken. There remains the suggestion of Mr. Goschen; a reduction of the interest on the Unified Debt. In the way of this, however, stands the Law of Liquidation, which cannot be touched without the consent of all the fourteen Powers by whom it was sanctioned. It is scarcely to be expected that France, for example, will agree to give up any claims of her own people upon the Egyptian Government for the sake of smoothing away England's difficulties on the Nile. A modification of the Law of Liquidation is hardly to be looked for unless our Government is prepared to give some compensation to the Continental holders of Egyptian Bonds, and we fail to see any compensation that would be likely to satisfy them except some kind of guarantee by our Government that the reduced interest would be punctually paid. A guarantee of the Egyptian debt is, however, not to be thought of. We do not guarantee the debts of our colonies or of India, and there is less reason for guaranteeing the debt of Egypt.

The formal assumption of a protectorate and a reorganization of the debt would be the most effectual way of dealing with the matter. It would relieve the taxpayer and satisfy the creditor. But there are other means of restoring a mere equilibrium between income and outlay. Mr. Vincent, the financial adviser of the Egyptian Government, has just left Alexandria to consult Ministers on the subject; and it is understood that he brings with him a scheme elaborated by Nubar Pasha and Sir E. Baring which will put an end to the deficit. At the first, the evacuation of the Soudan will impose a very heavy burden on the Exchequer of Egypt, but ultimately will relieve it of an annual charge of about 200,000*l.* At once, therefore, future deficits are reduced by this sum. Furthermore, it is clear that all foreigners should be subject to taxation in the country where they reside, the protection of whose laws they enjoy, and where they are free to own land, to fill public offices, and to carry on business of every kind. In former times there were, no doubt, reasons for withdrawing Europeans from Egyptian taxation. But, now that the Government of Egypt is in the hands of Englishmen, it is monstrously unjust that foreigners should be allowed to compete with natives, and to hold office over them, and yet be exempt from contributing to the support of the Government which protects them. Various estimates have been put forward of the amount that would be yielded by the taxation of foreigners; but it appears that, coupled with certain changes in the Customs and other taxes, it might be made to yield nearly a quarter of a million sterling. Thus, by the reduction of expenditure and the increase of taxation, we find the position of the Government improved by something over 400,000*l.* a year. Next it seems evident that great further reductions might be made in the Egyptian army. It has now been proved entirely useless for all warlike purposes, and it might therefore safely be reduced to the strength requisite for mere police functions. It has been suggested also that the charge of the army of occupation should be defrayed by this country, not by Egypt. Indeed if we keep up, for some purpose of our own, a useless native army as well as a useful British army, there may be some ground for arguing that we should pay for the unnecessary additional burden imposed. Again, the administrative services admit of great reductions. We are maintaining two staffs—a European and a native—in all the higher departments; and in addition there is no doubt that the number of persons employed in inferior grades is too great. That considerable economies can be effected by reorganization of the administrative services is certain. Furthermore, the Egyptian Government is at present paying 5 per cent. on the price of the Suez Canal shares sold by the ex-Khedive to our Government, although we raised the money at a considerably lower rate of interest. It seems only fair that we should remit to Egypt the difference between the interest we ourselves pay and that which we receive. Lastly, a more important saving still can be effected by the sale of the State Domain and the Daira lands. They are badly administered at present, and are charges upon the public exchequer. If they were sold to peasants, the price would pay off the debt to secure which they are mortgaged, and the purchasers would pay the Land-tax, which would go to increase the revenue. The sale would thus increase the income and decrease the expenditure. It is to be feared, however, that a sale of these lands on satisfactory terms can hardly be effected while the Government of the country is in its present confusion. The fellahen must be rescued from their present wretchedness before they will buy. Above all, confidence must be restored. If it were certain that an English protectorate would be established, Europeans in large numbers would buy land, capital would be introduced into Egypt, money would be spent there in establishing new industries and carrying out improvements, wages would be raised—in short, an impetus would be given to the prosperity of the country. The

main cause, then, of the existing financial difficulty is the unwillingness of our own Government to accept the responsibility entailed by its intervention and act in a statesmanlike manner. At the same time the reforms we have pointed to would certainly put an end to the deficit in the Budget, and would afford time for improving the political situation.

REVIEWS.

THE IMPERIAL CHANCELLOR.*

THESE volumes will be read with eager interest by every one who is desirous of forming a just estimate of the present condition of Germany and of the man who has done more than any other, except the Emperor, to impress upon her public life the form it has assumed. We must confess that we opened them with serious misgivings. A former work of the author—pleasant, chatty, and garrulous as it was—did more harm than good to the cause he had at heart. In Germany, where every one is familiar with the policy, the speeches, and the public character of Prince Bismarck, this may not have been the case. There the familiar details may only have served to render the heroic figure more human, and therefore more attractive; and every reader may naturally have concluded that, if the Prince talked a good deal about eating and drinking, it was for the reason that Walpole gave for indulging in less edifying discourse, "It was a subject everybody could understand." Here in England, where only the outline of the statesman's career is generally known, the impression produced was different. Many readers closed the book with the conviction that the Chancellor united the least amiable of the characteristics of Mephistopheles and Falstaff, and that, whenever he was not engaged in intriguing against the liberties of his own countrymen or the independence of neighbouring States, he spent his scanty leisure in inventing strange, monstrous, and unholly dishes, which must inevitably prove fatal to the digestion of any one who ventured to partake of them.

We are glad to find that no similar charge can be brought against the present work. The author has seriously endeavoured to give not only a true but a full picture of his hero, and he has succeeded to a degree that we believed entirely impossible when we opened his first volume. This is principally owing to the novel plan he has adopted, which is worthy of the highest praise. The time has fortunately not yet come when an historical portrait of Prince Bismarck can be drawn, and when it does, we trust the task will fall to a Carlyle rather than a Busch. Genius demands genius in its biographer; and when the battle has been lost or won, and the last great man of modern Europe has gone to his rest, we shall demand discrimination as well as appreciation in the historian who endeavours to paint his likeness and record his deeds. But now, while the conflict is still raging, and the cry, "The Philistines are upon thee, Samson," tingles in every ear, while Herr Richter is encompassing the giant's feet with a net of platitudes, and Dr. Bamberger assailing his eyes with clouds of tiny arrows, a partisan may well be forgiven if he refuses to acknowledge that the object of his adoration ever mistook the way, or even made a false step. Under such circumstances, to doubt would be a kind of treachery, to deny would be treason. Herr Busch is far too sound at heart to be guilty of either; if the Chancellor could himself make a free statement as to his life and policy, he would in all probability confess to errors our author will not allow, and he might do so freely without endangering his fame.

The political speaker has this in common with the journalist, that his best thoughts are usually employed only to illustrate themes of passing interest, and are therefore generally forgotten as soon as the question of the day has been answered or pushed aside. Few speeches or articles deserve a better fate, but there are exceptions. Every Englishman knows what a fund of political wisdom may be gathered from the speeches of Burke, and since Burke there has been no parliamentary speaker of the highest order who has so frequently referred to great general principles as Prince Bismarck. Herr Busch has hit upon the plan of extracting these passages of universal interest, and bringing them together under suitable headings. Thus the greater part of the two volumes before us consists of the very words of the statesman they are intended to praise. The design was admirable, and it has been carried out with great tact and skill. Any one who has studied the speeches and the published letters and despatches of the Prince with the attention they deserve will of course find that many of his favourite passages are left out. It is always so with a selection from the works of a great author; but no candid reader can deny that Herr Busch has on the whole made an admirably characteristic choice, though an Englishman would doubtless have included many extracts that he rejects, even at the cost of losing some that he has admitted.

Unser Reichskanzler offers us therefore the studies for a portrait rather than the portrait itself, and this is the great merit of the book. What Herr Busch thinks about Prince Bismarck is a matter of comparatively small importance; what the Prince himself thinks on matters of general interest is what we wish to know;

* *Unser Reichskanzler: Studien zu einem Charakterbilde.* Von Moritz Busch. Leipzig: Verlag von Fr. Wihl. Grunow. London: Trübner & Co. 1884.

and we can hardly turn a dozen pages without coming upon some profound thought or pithy saying which casts an entirely new light on a subject that has perhaps been so often discussed as to seem exhausted. But what strikes an attentive reader most is the self-consistency of the statesman, the clearness with which he forms and the pertinacity with which he pursues his purposes, together with the versatility of the means he employs to accomplish them. No man's mind was ever more free from cant. In 1879 he declared, "Since I have been a Minister I have never belonged to any party, nor could I do so. I have been hated by each in turn, and loved by some." Again, in 1881, he said, in a passage we regret to be obliged to shorten:—

"I have never in my life belonged to those who believe they have nothing still to learn; and, if anybody told me, 'Twenty years ago we were both of the same opinions; mine have not changed, and yet you are opposed to me,' I should reply, 'Yes, twenty years ago I knew as much as you do now; but I have learnt something since.' Still, I do not say this to excuse myself. I have always had one compass and a single pole-star by which to steer, *salus publica*. When I first came into office, I may often have acted hastily, perhaps rashly; but, as soon as I have had time for reflection, I have always subordinated my personal feelings and wishes to the question what is best and most useful for my country—while I had only to think of Prussia, for my Royal Master and his dynasty; now, for the whole German nation. I have never been a passionate supporter of any system; the doctrines by which parties are united and separated have always had only a secondary interest for me; my chief interest is centred on the nation, on her independence, her position with respect to other States, her organization in such a way that she can take her place freely among them. All the rest—the Liberal, Conservative, or reactionary form of the Constitution—that, gentlemen, I must frankly confess, is a matter of inferior importance in my eyes, a question relative to the luxury of our furniture, which it will be time enough to settle when the house is built. When the interests of the country require it, I am ready to approach one or the other party on such questions; as I have said, I hold their doctrines very cheap. . . . Many things may be done either in this way or in that; there are many roads that lead to Rome. There are times when the country must be governed on Liberal principles, others in which a dictatorship is necessary; everything changes; nothing here is eternal. But I demand that the structure of the Empire, the unity of the German nation, shall be founded upon a rock. . . . From the first moment I have devoted my whole political energy to creating and consolidating it; if you can point to a single moment when I have not steered in the direction thus given by my compass, you may perhaps show that I have been guilty of an error in judgment, but not that I have ever lost sight of the great national aim."

It is much that a statesman who is no longer young should be able to speak such words as these; it is more that among all his opponents there is none who dares to contradict them. In the days of peace and safety Germans may choose Dr. Windhorst, Dr. Virchow, or even Herr Bebel, as their representative; in the hour of danger they know they can depend on the genius and the patriotism of Prince Bismarck. If there were any real question of displacing him, there are now hardly ten constituencies in the whole Empire where his opponents would have a majority. But worrying a Prime Minister who enjoys the confidence of his sovereign is almost as popular a sport in Germany as bull-fighting is in Spain. This is perhaps the least amiable characteristic of the nation, and the one which a foreigner finds it most difficult to understand.

In the short space a weekly review can afford it is of course impossible to draw even the sketch of a great statesman. We have preferred to give what we believe to be the central idea of all his policy to discussing such questions as that of the proposal made to Austria in 1866, which have been already sufficiently argued by the daily press. Most readers of the book will probably cut open the last chapter, which treats the "Prince as a private man," first. It brings little that is new, and is perhaps the most disappointing in the whole work, which is only natural, as men of the Chancellor's calibre do not generally make speeches about their wives and children, or enlarge in public on home matters. It was already known that the Prince was once a distinguished swordsman among the Corps Burschen; we are here told that he fought about thirty duels while a student in Göttingen and Greifswald. The must, to use Goethe's expression, seems to have fermented in rather a wild way. It is pleasant, on the other hand, to hear that the first decoration granted to the Prince was a medal he won by saving the life of a drowning man at the risk of his own. A soldier was thrown from a horse he was watering, and overcome by the current. Herr von Bismarck, a young officer at that time, sprang from a neighbouring bridge to save him; but the soldier, in his terror, clung to him in such a way as to render escape impossible. Bismarck dived and kept the man under water until he became insensible, when he brought him safely to shore, and animation was soon restored. This is a characteristic story, and much of the Chancellor's so-called inconsiderateness is in fact as considerate as the force he then exercised in a way which was doubtless thought for the moment to be unkind. That he was well known as a marksman and fond of every form of sport in his youth, and that he still retains his love for dogs and horses, Englishmen hardly need to be told. It will be more surprising to many readers, though not to those who know such of his private letters as have been published, to learn how keen his enjoyment of natural scenery is, and how graphically he can describe it. It may be worth while to notice that the heather blossom is his favourite flower. Is it a mere chance that the two greatest Conservative statesmen of our generation have felt an especial fondness for the homeliest flowers that grow wild about their homes, or may we see in it a proof that they have possessed the "quiet mind" our old poets loved to praise? Herr Busch hints that Prince Bismarck has

no great love for Schiller, which we can easily believe, and that his favourite poets are Goethe and Shakespeare. Is there not a certain concession to German susceptibilities in this statement? We believe that for every quotation or allusion to the German poet in the Prince's speeches, at least two similar references to the English dramatist may be found.

Herr Busch, as we have seen, deserves our cordial recognition on some points; indeed, we have only one serious fault to find with his work. He has, we believe, been a journalist, and, if so, he must surely know the value of an index. It is no easy matter for a busy man to keep the contents of 892 closely printed pages in his head; it is still harder to remember under what heading the author has thought it right to insert the passage to which he desires to refer. The closer his study of the original has been, the more likely he is to feel at a loss; for the connexion of the thoughts is broken, and he finds one part of a speech reproduced in one part of the volume, and another in another. Besides this, Herr Busch must know that such volumes as he has now produced, under auspices sufficiently official to induce the *North German Gazette* to publish a leader in support of his accuracy, have more than a temporary value. Future historians will have to consult this book as one of the principal authorities on the heroic period of German policy. Among these there may possibly be a writer or two worthy of some respect. Is each of these to make a table of contents for himself? We do not know whether the fault lies chiefly at the door of the author or the publisher; but we trust that it will be remedied as soon as possible, and venture to suggest that those who have already purchased the work should be enabled to procure the index in a similar form and at a moderate price.

ON THE BORDER LAND.

ALL boys, and all men who retain anything of the natural boy, welcome a new book by Mr. Frederick Boyle. The author has seen a great deal of the dark places of the earth, which are full not only of horrid cruelty, but of wonderful adventures, beautiful quadrooms, Herculean swordsmen, stealthy slaves, sapphires, opals, and all the enchantment of the *Arabian Nights*. To think that all this ancient and gorgeous state of things is existing still on the borderland of civilization is to feel that the world is not yet worn out, that romance is still possible. To our mind, Mr. Boyle and Mr. R. L. Stevenson are much the most romantic of living English writers. The difference between them is that Mr. Boyle has seen with his own eyes all the marvels of the world adventurous, while Mr. Stevenson rather knows them by intuition, or as a man might remember some former life. On the other hand, Mr. Stevenson's style, his power of constructing a story, all his literary qualities in fact save one, are of a much higher order than Mr. Boyle's. The chief literary gift of the author of *On the Border Land* is his power of making a reader feel the air, atmosphere, and colour of the strange and remote places he describes. In the very first story here, "A Strange Wooing," we have a vision of a baking, mouldering, dusty, and ragged tropical settlement of half-breeds, as clear as if the place were reflected in a mirage. The next story, "The Romance of a Mirage," is equally remarkable, if one may borrow the talk of the art critic, for distinct and rare effects of light, colour, and hot tremulous air. There is something like genius in the opening of this story, in the vision of a great Oriental palace, with all its crowd of men and women, daily beheld by telegraph clerks in a Red Sea port. In the same tale the description of an Oriental prison where the Turkish captives starve is wonderfully vivid. Again and again Mr. Boyle displays this power, which it is scarcely fair to call word-painting. His effects are produced without obvious effort, but naturally occur in the course of his story. He does not seem to say to himself, "Now for a description," but beneath his pen the picture rises before our eyes exactly as in a mirage. The events, however, which pass in these scenes, so curiously real, are perhaps less interesting than in some of Mr. Boyle's earlier collections of stories. The characters seem less real than the places in which they have their momentary being. Mr. Boyle is a skilled teller of stories of adventure. But one sometimes feels as if the thread of a love adventure which runs through his pages were of secondary importance to the author. This is not always the case. In "A Sapphire" there is much pathos, a touching natural sentiment, in the wistful and innocent passion of the Pasha's daughter for a dissipated renegade. In "Captain Wrench's Illusion," on the other hand, the interest of the narrative is quite subordinate to the general stage effect, to the grouping of necromantic Hindoo gipsies, high-caste Eurasians, and "volcanic" Roumanian officers. One admires the picture of Hagar, that fiery beauty; one is not very keenly concerned about her fortunes. The same remark applies to the little quadroom fire-brand, the heroine of "A Strange Wooing."

In this volume Mr. Boyle's occasional papers are, perhaps, rather better than his stories. He has our respectful sympathy when he writes, "I should not value the companionship of a man who did not like to handle and see and own jewels." He moves a natural envy when he admits that he has "owned a pretty little heap of pearls, emeralds, and diamonds." With this romantic appreciation of precious stones (not for wearing purposes of course) Mr. Boyle is naturally interested in Aggry

* *On the Border Land*. By Frederick Boyle. London: Chapman & Hall. 1884.

beads and Popo beads. As most people know, those treasures (which our glass-makers cannot imitate) are found in the soil of Ashanti, and are highly valued by the people. To an English eye the success of our imitations is perfect, "but the youngest negro is not deceived." Mr. Boyle agrees with "the best authorities" that these beads are ancient Egyptian articles of commerce. But the beads are "seldom or never" found with mummies. Apparently the Egyptians only used them, if use them they did, for traffic with the inland peoples of Africa. The beads must have travelled from hand to hand across the continent, from the Nile to the Prah. They are found in the earth because they were concealed there by, or were buried with, their ancient owners, who may have died in Rhamses's time. There is much romance in Aggry beads, about which Mr. Boyle tells one of his best stories. His paper on "Courage" is full of exciting modern instances. His essay on Arab and Sepoy, showing how the Sepoy despises the Egyptian, and how "a vague Panislamism" might overcome this contempt, is very opportune. All Mr. Boyle has to say about the Arabs, their character and their future, is most useful at present, and gives additional value to his stories, romances, reminiscences. The best parts of the book are like good talk by a man of much and strange experience and of vivid imagination. To every one who likes such talk we recommend *On the Border Land*. By the way, Mr. Boyle claims the license of the story-teller. But is it true, or only a touch of art, that the Ashanti chiefs have their totems fashioned in gold, and crown their umbrellas with this ornament? If we had our crests as handles for our umbrellas, errors of a deplorable sort might be less common.

MEMOIRS OF JAMES ROBERT HOPE-SCOTT.*

JAMES ROBERT HOPE-SCOTT was a man the record of whose life, ranging from 1812 to 1873, was well worth writing, not because he appealed with the undivided personality of a whole symmetrical career to the sympathies of a broad mass of survivors, but on account of the separate and ostensibly diverging circles with which one after the other he contracted ties not easy to be forgotten. The High Churchman is anxious to hear of the early life of the typical lay member of the great Newmanite set at Oxford; the Romanist longs to know more of so distinguished a convert; the lawyer and the railroad speculator must be warmed to one whose reputation in Parliamentary committee-rooms was that of a success of unparalleled brilliancy; the literary man and the disciple of Scott has kindly associations with the adopted son and master of Abbotsford; and London society cannot yet have forgotten one so handsome and so attractive. Mr. Ormsby's sympathies are with the Roman Catholic element of this multiform character; and it is no little praise to be able to note the honesty, fairness, and industry which he shows in presenting so fully the other sides.

The value of the book is much enhanced by the copious collection of letters which it contains, some from Mr. Hope-Scott himself and others addressed to him by his correspondents, notably Cardinal Newman and Mr. Gladstone, as well as by the sketches of his personality respectively offered in Mr. Venables's note on his forensic characteristics, in Cardinal Newman's funeral sermon, and in Mr. Gladstone's letter to Miss Hope-Scott. Mr. Hope-Scott had the good habit of keeping letters, and the world has profited accordingly. On the other hand, there are only three letters by Dr. Pusey, and none from Mr. Keble, Bishop Wilberforce, or Montalembert, all of whom it might have been supposed would, either in earlier or in later days, have been among Mr. Hope's correspondents.

James Robert Hope, born in 1812, was the third son of Sir Alexander Hope, a distinguished general, and brother of one still more eminent, the Earl of Hopetoun, known in the Peninsular war as Sir John Hope. His eldest brother, from whom much had been expected, died young, from the effects of a sunstroke; but the next one, Mr. G. W. Hope, passed with much credit and popularity through public life, having been Under-Secretary for the Colonies in Sir Robert Peel's Government. James Hope was pupil at Eton of the genial and enthusiastic Edward Coleridge, and proceeded in due time to Christ Church, at an interesting period, for the college was then at a high academic level, and the seed-plot of future Tractarians and Peelites. The handsome, energetic youth soon became the most popular of undergraduates as one of the "three Jems" (the others being future Governors-General of India, as Lord Dalhousie and Lord Elgin); but the coming intimacy with Mr. Gladstone was still only acquaintanceship. To the disappointment of those who were looking for great things, Mr. Hope's academic career resulted in an honorary fourth; but in due time he was elected—on reputation, and not by competition—to a fellowship at Merton, an institution which at that time reflected its mediæval picturesqueness in the spirit of some at least of its members. James Hope was not long in falling under such attractive influences. He sought the acquaintance of Mr. Newman, and enlisted under his banner. A mental struggle as to the choice of profession gave a grave tone to his years of early manhood, characteristic of a man whose constitutional reserve took the shape of masking deep feelings under external sunniness. Barrister was ultimately his decision rather than

clergyman; although the good old general his father exerted his influence on that side. But it was a choice made under the deepest religious feeling, and the hope of reviving the much neglected study of ecclesiastical law was obviously a strong operative inducement. At this period, too, he had turned his thoughts to the science of academic and religious archaeology, and a history of Merton College, travelling over the field of University and collegiate antiquities, was taken in hand, although somewhat inexplicably left to drop without, as far as we see, a fragment surviving the change of purpose. When he was only twenty-eight years old, a rare opportunity fell to Mr. Hope, and it was admirably taken hold of. The Cathedral Chapters were threatened in 1840 with that rash and ignorant legislation from which they have been ever since suffering; so they decided to appear by counsel at the bar of the House of Lords, Mr. Knight Bruce, their leader, made a speech which was sound and dry, and Mr. Hope, the junior, followed with an oration alike conspicuous for argument and logic, and which at once made him famous.

The Chancellorship of the diocese of Salisbury was appropriately conferred on him by Bishop Denison; and so, alike by his merits and through his professional and official standing, he stood in the enviable position of trusty counsellor of a party of high principles, much learning, ready talents, buoyant resolves, and self-assured of a future which was sure to live in history whether beaten or victorious. But the worm was soon at the root of the vine. Of the complications arising out of Tract XC. we need not speak; they did not directly affect Mr. Hope, but they must have left their mark on his soul. In 1841 and 1842 a storm suddenly beat up, to the full burst of which he found himself exposed. Events travel so fast that some of our readers may be grateful if we help them to realize the once distinguished Prussian, M. de Bunsen, by noting that he was not only a keen and practised diplomatist, and a wide-read scholar, but a mystic and picturesque religionist, and father of the phrase "the Church of the Future." In all his characters he unhappily fixed his attention on Jerusalem, and conceived the idea of balancing the political and spiritual influence of the Greek and Roman Churches at the Holy City by evolving some dignitary who should represent a combination of general Protestantism. This he proposed to do by setting up a joint bishopric for England and Prussia; the prelate to be, indeed, consecrated in England, but on conditions which really involved a surrender by England to the "Evangelical" Establishment in Prussia, and not the acceptance by that country of Anglican principles—a bishop who should be ornamental to Prussia, without committing it to the principle of Episcopacy. The scheme was hurried through by an Act of the short autumn Session of 1841, which had much else to think of now that Sir Robert Peel had just returned to power. Archbishop Howley and Bishop Blomfield strayed afield at the spiriting of M. de Bunsen, and even such men as Samuel Wilberforce and Dr. Hook favoured the project. For a time, too, Dr. Pusey and Mr. Hope were a little fascinated, but they did not go beyond the limits of graceful and dignified retreat; and, as far as Mr. Hope is concerned, the upshot was the issue of his one publication, a very powerful pamphlet. But the wound rankled, and its results were even more disastrous with a more distinguished man; for to Mr. Newman, as he has told us in the *Apologia*, the Jerusalem bishopric was in fact the beginning of the end, though that event was heralded by the publication of *The Lives of the British Saints*, on which he consulted Mr. Hope. The correspondence published by Mr. Ormsby will be curious for the historian of the Church Revival. Mr. Hope's advice was on the side of toning down the visible tendencies to Romanism of the biographers, but chiefly upon grounds of prudence.

Mr. Newman's secession in 1845 left Mr. Hope a working and pious member of the Church of England. But the old vigour and confidence were gone. No doubt also, although Mr. Ormsby touches rather briefly upon the incident, and does not recur to it, his alienation was helped in the slight put upon him by the rashly cautious dignitaries of the Scotch Episcopal Church, who avoided putting him upon the Council of Trinity College in Glenalmond, in helping to found which he had so nobly lavished time, thought, and means. This was a wrong which would have deeply, if silently, burnt itself into his sensitive nature. A similar repulse in reference to a similar institution in Ireland did not shake the faith of the man who, in the nobility of his character and the charm of his personal aspect, might be compared to James Hope. We mean of course Augustus Stafford. But it did the mischief with some other colleagues who could ill have been spared to the Irish Church. Then in 1850 came the Gorham judgment, on which in the same autumn was piled the burden of the Papal aggression madness; and on an early Sunday in 1851 Mr. Hope and Archdeacon Manning were received into the Church of Rome. Society was startled at this act on the part of the layman, so carefully had he been for years nursing his thoughts within his breast.

The last occasion on which Mr. Hope appeared as a champion of the Church of England was in the early days after the Gorham judgment, in March 1850, when he was forward in promoting, in concert with a few other leading Churchmen, a declaration, half protest and half prophecy, in depreciation of the conclusions reached by the Privy Council. Mr. Ormsby gives two paragraphs from this paper, but he does not quote that passage which probably more than anything else dissuaded persons who agreed with its general scope from signing the paper. The assertion therein contained was to the effect that, unless in some way the Church of England formally repudiated the judgment, that would eventu-

* *Memoirs of James Robert Hope-Scott, of Abbotsford.* By Robert Ormsby. 2 vols. London: John Murray. 1884.

ally bind the Church to its false teaching, and so unchurch it. The ambiguous eventuality had, no doubt, a specific meaning to each signer, but not one and the same meaning on which all must agree, and no one could take diversely. The result was that out of the small band Mr. Hope, Archdeacon Manning, Archdeacon H. Wilberforce, and Mr. Badeley, in no long time—four years being the longest term—joined the Roman communion. Drs. Pusey and Mill, Mr. Keble, Mr. John Talbot, and Lord Richard Cavendish died in full and trusting communion with, and doing earnest work for, the Church of England, and Mr. Bennett still survives, the honoured Vicar of Frome.

Mr. Hope-Scott's personality in the days of his fervent Anglicanism may best be summed up in Mr. Gladstone's touching words in the letter which he addressed to Miss Hope-Scott after her father's death, and which Mr. Ornsby prints in its integrity:—

From that time I only knew of his career as one of unwearied religious activity, pursued with an entire abnegation of self, with a deep enthusiasm, under a calm exterior, and with a grace and gentleness of manner, which, joined to the force of his inward motives, made him, I think, without doubt the most winning person of his day.

Before we pass from this chapter of the history we may sum up its incidents by saying that it clearly shows that James Hope had a character remarkably distinguished both by weak points and by strong points. The weaker points were in the direction of indolence, indecision, and a conscience so tender as at times to be self-tormenting. The strength of his nature lay in the abstract realization of the duty of working as the *raison d'être* of living, with the strength of purpose to give effect to this conclusion, and in that physical power of work which may and often does coexist with the temptation of indolence, although seldom efficacious unless supported by a strong will and clear sense of duty. The secretiveness which his friends were apt to complain of, doubtless with sufficient reason, was the natural result of both phases of his temperament. He was too sensitive in his self-communing to want to be seen into, and his will was too potent to desire to fall under the control of others, however valued and beloved.

In the meanwhile two incidents of great importance had made their mark on Mr. Hope's life; both of them, Mr. Ornsby seems to think, encouraged by his growing religious unsettlement. We will not admit this as regards the first, nor accept the half-apologetic form with which the biographer tells us that his hero took to wife an exceptionally attractive lady, daughter of Lockhart and grand-daughter of Sir Walter Scott, whose name and status still live through her—though it has passed by three distaffs—in Mr. Hope-Scott's, as he then became, daughter, Mrs. Maxwell Scott, lady of Abbotsford. The other incident, natural enough to a mind disturbed with troubles over which it brooded silently, was that, in the height of the railroad mania, Mr. Hope plunged into the business of that strange tribunal where there is no judge, but only a jury which charges itself, and no standard of right or wrong either legal or moral, but only a fleeting expediency. He rapidly became a leading, and in due course the leading, counsel at the Parliamentary Bar, practice at which disqualifies from Parliament, and never leads to a judgeship, but is abundantly and sometimes enormously lucrative, with the advantage of a complete holiday through the recess. Mr. Ornsby's picture of that peculiar profession is vivid and intelligible to outsiders, and his selections of cases in which Mr. Hope-Scott particularly shone well made. But the gem of the chapter is an essay—brief, logical, and brilliant—on the character of Mr. Hope-Scott in his forensic aspect by Mr. G. S. Venables, himself a most eminent illustration of the same Bar. The holidays seem to have been devoted to building and planting—fascinating tastes, and easy to be indulged by a gentleman who was proprietor at Abbotsford, in the Highlands, in Mayo, and at Hyères. But were such seasons and such recesses the horoscope which would have been cast in the days of buoyant Tractarianism for Hope of Merton?

That which then would have been anticipated, and which without respect to differences of communion we should now have wished to record as having come from the pen of Mr. Hope-Scott, was a labour of toilsome days—a *magnum opus*, or *opera*—in which he could have raised a durable monument in aid of religion and the Church as they might have presented themselves at the time of writing to the eyes of the writer. It may be said this was all well for an Anglican, as Mr. Hope was when he took up and abandoned—why Mr. Ornsby does not very clearly explain—the history of Merton College. No doubt a layman has not the elbow-room in the Roman Church on such questions as he would possess in the English communion. But still he has a wide field, as Kenelm Digby could testify, and W. G. Ward, whose second state was that of layman, and abroad writers such as De Maistre, Montalembert, Rio, and Ozanam. Yet none of these was a canonist as Mr. Hope was, so that he might have had even a higher vocation. Was the vocation of manipulating railway cases, involving the most versatile ingenuity, quite as high? We do not blame Mr. Hope for choosing this career. The solid reasons for the decision were weighty. Still, as a question of distinct preference, we should have felt the ideal was more nearly reached through a course of life differing in some important details from that on which his most general fame was based. It is not censorious to say that the Church of Rome had something of a moral right to anticipate solid contributions from a recruit at once such a scholar and so accomplished. Not even a review or a magazine article, as far as we are told, ever fell from his pen as Anglican or

as Roman, except that one which he wrote, still very young, on Merton College in the *British Critic* while Mr. Newman continued to edit it. We do not dwell on that other avenue to fame by work well done, the public life; for Mr. Hope-Scott's special profession, with its tempting material advantages, was a block to this. The excuse—unanswerable within its own sphere—was ready for the refusal to embark on that career of member of Parliament for which Mr. Hope-Scott possessed such conspicuous qualifications in the etiquette which declares membership incompatible with pleading before Committees; but in compensation the greater Bar, with its higher aims and wider area, was then lying open at the disposal of an advocate so eloquent and so ingenious, and with a brilliant reputation ready-made.

It would also be cruel not to take into account the deep wounds to his affectionate home-loving nature of the deaths of Mrs. Hope-Scott, and of a second wife, most worthy also to share his affections—Lady Victoria, the Duke of Norfolk's sister—and of multiplied bereavements of infant children.

Cardinal Newman indeed in his funeral sermon, so happily published by the biographer, suggests that Mr. Hope-Scott's "refinement of mind"—a phrase by which he clearly points to something not far removed from fastidiousness—might have stood in his way in the race of public life. The answer is easy. It was not found to be an obstacle in the committee-room, where neither clients nor opponents are apt to be the worse for over-refinement, nor yet the tribunal before which the counsel is pleading. But again the Cardinal points to the groove in which the public man must move. But was there no groove in the occupation which his friend made his own? He is equally emphatic on the want of ambition which he attributes to the famous advocate, and in this he is enthusiastically seconded by Mr. Gladstone in his letter to Miss Hope-Scott. We can but bow to two such authorities, and both of them so intimate with the subject of their criticisms. But still we must ask what was the feeling, if it was not ambition, which led Mr. Hope so eagerly to strive after, and so industriously to cling to, the leadership in his branch of the legal profession? Ambition is not confined to the hunger for title, place, and pension. It is as ambitious to wish to be recognized a poet as to be created a baronet.

So, to conclude, we are driven to say that Mr. Hope-Scott's own previous studies would have qualified him, as we have already hinted, for exceptional services on behalf of the communion of his predilections. None of the writers whom we have referred to possessed any knowledge of Canon Law; and in Canon Law he was reputed a master. From the point of view of the Roman Catholic Church, we cannot conceive any more valuable contribution to its cause than a vindication of its disciplinary system by an Englishman at once laic and lawyer, skilled in rhetoric and brilliant in society. We believe Anglicanism would not have suffered from the assault, but probably gained by the conflict of wits which it would have provoked. But, if we belonged to the other side, we should have felt that we had not netted all that we had a right to expect from Mr. Hope's change. In short, it must be mournfully confessed by both parties in the controversy that, with all private virtues and all his self-sacrificing and boundless charities, with all his triumphs before Private Bill Committees, the later compared with the earlier life of James Hope-Scott must, by those, be they Romanists or Anglicans, to whom the Kingdom of God on earth is a reality, requiring for its building up learning not less than piety, be sorrowfully accepted as a disappointment. We who knew James Robert Hope knew what he was; but he leaves a reputation which must every year become more indistinct as his personal friends drop off. What will remain will be the tradition of a man whom all believed capable of enriching posterity with enduring legacies which stand represented by one eloquent speech, and one pungent pamphlet, spring fruits both of them.

FIVE NOVELS.*

MRS. COMYNS CARR deserves a wreath in the Capitol, or at least a crown of *violettes de Parme*, sent with great care from Italy to England. She has succeeded in writing a novel of Italian life that reconciles the savage critic, who from much provocation has been wont to gnash his teeth over such novels, to the subject, or rather (which is in fact what all good books do) she has made it unnecessary for the critic to bother himself about the subject at all. It is sufficient that her characters are men and women, quite true and real. Whether (which they probably are also) they are exact copies of the actual peasants round Genoa becomes a merely academic question. At least they do not found their pretensions to be Genoese on the fact that they are not human beings, as is the case with certain literary, or would-be literary, compatriots of theirs in the world of fiction. But it is hardly fair to Mrs. Comyns Carr to judge her in this "comparative, rascally" fashion, for her book has the merit not merely

* *La Fortunina*. By Mrs. Comyns Carr. 3 vols. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1884.

Thirty Hall. By W. E. Norris. 3 vols. London: Bentley & Co. 1884.

Mr. Nobody. By Mrs. J. K. Spender. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1884.

Early Lost, Late Found. By W. F. Knight. 2 vols. London: Remington & Co. 1884.

Dr. Heidenhoff's Process. By Edward Bellamy. Edinburgh: Douglas. 1884.

of recompensing the reader for the many woes which he has heretofore suffered at the hands of Italianate novelists, but of making him forget them. The main theme of *La Fortunina* is simple enough. A young peasant who has remained unmarried out of deference for a rather masterful mother, discovers on his way to market a child abandoned on the bank of a stream, and in danger of perishing. He rescues it, and, after intending to deposit it in the Foundling Hospital of the town, relents and determines, in spite of scandal and in spite of his mother's grumbles, to bring it up as his own. Things go on for some years, during which he cherishes the infant (the ill-tempered old mother, but not so ill as ill-tempered, disappearing early) and the memory of a kind of dream-love of his—a girl whom he has seen at a village festa and long lost sight of. Then the intrigue knots itself. The girl reappears, and the reader, if not Pietro Paggi, the hero, knows at once that she, Vittoria Vite, is *La Fortunina's* mother. But Pietro has slipped rather than fallen into the nets of a damsel of his own neighbourhood, Teresina della Fontana, in whom Mrs. Comyns Carr hesitates not to let us see a very much worse specimen of womankind, for all her demureness, than the lost and reckless Vittoria. Then there is the male villain of the book, Carlo Strappa, "the Americano," as the somewhat envious inhabitants of the village to which he has returned with money (no one quite knows how got) call him. How the Americano, designing to do Pietro the worst of injuries, in reality brings about the happiness of his life; how the child *Fortunina* is a good angel both to her real mother and her putative father; and how a very unpromising business comes to a very good ending may be left for readers to discover. The book, it may be repeated, is a really pleasant one. Local colour is used and not abused; there is no topstufification of sentiment; and if the reader is inclined to think Vittoria on the whole rather too good for her lot, that is a reflection which has frequently occurred in reference to the things of this world to many persons, from Alfonso el Sabio downwards. What is most particularly to be commended in the book is its comfortable freedom from fine writing. On the other hand, as it is well to temper unqualified eulogy, Mrs. Comyns Carr may be reminded that the phrase "figure of a man," "figure of a girl," and so forth, which she uses not unfrequently, is not commendable unless in evident and designed burlesque. We really have nothing else against *La Fortunina*.

"Remember," said an aged journalist once to an aspiring novice, "that you must not be too clever." Mr. Norris has always been in need of this admonition, and in *Thirby Hall* he is perhaps more in need of it than ever. To explain, or at least to illustrate, what we mean, it may be well to say that before reading the book we gave it to another person, a confirmed novel-reader, to read. The verdict was very unfavourable. Our verdict after reading it is not unfavourable; but we have not the least difficulty in accounting for the discrepancy. In the first place, Mr. Norris is a long time in getting any story that he has to tell into working order. In the second, his hero is justly described by the best character in the book, at the end of it, as "having no definite ideas, never knowing what he would be at, and possessing just enough intelligence to spoil a pleasant stupid fellow without making a clever one of him." In the third, the villain is such an exceedingly refined and quintessential villain that it is not quite certain whether he is a villain at all. Now all this, especially when the indeterminate hero tells the story with a great deal of very faintly accentuated irony of himself, and when he tells it at very great length, is quite fatal to that honest, straightforward enjoyment which the majority of readers look for in novels. We shall go further, and say that, though we have got some enjoyment out of Mr. Norris's book ourselves, we are not sure that we ought to have done so. His novel-style is something like a conversational style which, if not very common, is not unknown. The talker does not say anything very striking or very witty; but he has an obliging air of leaving his auditor to put the dots on the i's, and a still more obliging air of feeling sure that the auditor is a clever enough fellow to do it. If the said auditor is not stupid enough, or honest enough, or impatient enough to get tired of this sort of thing, he sometimes feels it flattering, and sometimes when his own mood exactly supplements that of the speaker he really enjoys it. But these cases are perhaps rarer than that of simple impatience. Mr. Norris is always laughing in a mild, gentlemanlike, sleeve-contained manner at his heroes, and his personages and himself. Speaking as personally as a critic has any right to do, that is a mood with which we have much sympathy; but it is not a mood with which the majority of any public, and least of all the British public, is likely to sympathize. As for the story of *Thirby Hall* it is double. It turns partly on the machinations of a finished *vaurien* who has been disinherited and turned out of doors by his father to get himself, or at least his son (for he has this redeeming spark of natural feeling), reinstated, and partly on the schemes of a *femme incomprise*, Lady Constance Milner, to get married well, and for choice to Charles Maxwell, the hero who is, in default of the *vaurien* and his child, the heir. Charles Maxwell, so excellently described in the passage quoted above, is really in love with another young woman, but is quite bewitched and mastered by Lady Constance's wiles, not to mention that he is made a complete fool of by his cousin the *vaurien*. The actual story is slight and a little improbable; the chief appeal of the book lying in the character-sketches and in the running commentary of mild sarcasm which the author (through the not very well selected medium of Charles Maxwell

himself) pours upon almost every one of his personages. Not for the first time it is evident that Mr. Norris has read his Thackeray too well and not quite wisely enough. We have very strong doubts whether Thackeray as a novelist is imitable at all, his method being almost irreducible to any general principles that can be safely applied by an inferior hand. At any rate, Mr. Norris, though both here and elsewhere he has produced work of considerable interest and merit, does not seem to manage it.

The novels of Mrs. J. K. Spender increase in number, and they do not show any appreciable falling off in merit. But unluckily theirs is a kind which had need to show some appreciable advance. They are quite readable, and by no means ill-written, while the author appears to take some considerable pains with their construction. *Mr. Nobody* itself, though the idea of an ill-treated outcast coming back as a millionaire to lord it in the neighbourhood of his youthful troubles is not very novel or very promising, has a tolerably sufficient differentia of plot and some fair incident. Vere Rashleigh, the heroine, is a rather agreeable heroine. But the reader fails to take much interest in Reuben Sellwood's vindictive and rather unintelligible plans against the Rashleigh family, and his son, Godfrey Sellwood, who may be supposed to be the hero, is desperately conventional—only less conventional than his friend the Hon. Charles Lloyd. It is impossible to say that no young man ever talked such dreary trash as Godfrey Sellwood talks to his unhappy father (who is very long about turning him out of doors); but any young man who does so talk has no business in a novel except as a butt. Lastly, the story which, in the midst of the humours of a rather odd kind of election, frightens Reuben Sellwood out of his headstrong attitude, is a story of a cock and of a bull which such a man would have been very unlikely to be cowed by. However, the heroine makes some amends for all this; and the book, as has been said, is by no means devoid of interest. The author should be a little more careful of the quotations and illusions with which she garnishes her work. We are not aware that Mme. de Maintenon ever said, "After me, the Deluge." In the first place, there was no reason why she should; and, in the second, her piety and propriety would have been much shocked at any such sentiment. There is a difference between Louis XIV. and Louis XV.

A novel by a novice (and such Mr. Wynter Frore Knight would seem to be, for the mention of no previous work is tacked on to his ingeniously-devised pen-name), which contains a murder, a mystery, and a trial, is likely to strike the breast of the fearful reviewer with alarms. It does not become less alarming when it is seen that the author is jocularly inclined in the interval of his mysteries and his murders. *Early Lost, Late Found*, however, rather agreeably disappoints him whose experience of many woes makes him apprehensive of more. Mr. Knight needs practice in the *charpente* of a plot, and his social satire shows more good intention than polish, more ingenuity of conception than patience of execution. But his story and personages (the latter are rather unnecessarily numerous) are not without interest, and he sometimes succeeds in being really funny. The devotion of an aged clergyman to his pigs, and the way in which he mistakes admiring expressions from his daughter's lovers for tributes to his favourites, is not perhaps a very novel or a very merry jest, but another sprout of Mr. Knight's fancy is not bad. A sporting squire is killed, and a certain humanitarian couple among his neighbours, who look upon field sports with horror, hit upon an explanation of the mysterious death which is quite satisfactory to themselves. The horrid man was never happy unless he was killing something, and, being for the moment out of victims, there can be little doubt that he killed himself. This kind of wit, however, is particularly likely to be overdone, and Mr. Knight has certainly overdone it. In the same way he has got to learn that serious characters need not, and, if they are to be successful, must not, talk "book." In fact, he has plenty to learn, but it does not appear by any means impossible that some day or other he may learn it. Now there are a good many of his fellow workmen and workwomen in the craft of novel-writing of whom it would be very rash to say this.

Dr. Heidenhoff's Process is one of those books which are likely to be very differently judged, and in reference to which it is not very easy even for a wary and experienced critic to assign final reasons for his own judgment. For it is a book liking or disliking of which will depend wholly on what has been called the "total nervous impression." In our case that impression is distinctly favourable, but it is easy enough to conceive a mood (the fate of books of this kind is always more or less a matter of mood) in which a judge not by any means incompetent might come to a different conclusion. The book is American, but it is entirely free from neo-American *maricaudage*. It is brief, goes directly to the point, indulges in hardly any elaborate analysis of character, and, except for the quaint and rather far-fetched conceit which gives it its title and its conclusion, it might almost be called matter of fact. The scene is laid in one of those curious American villages where society finds in the drug-store clerk and the gunsmith's assistant its Amadis and its Galaor, where the chief intellectual dissipation is a prayer-meeting, and where, notwithstanding, a certain level not altogether low of manners and education is kept up. The belle of the village is Madeline Brand, a coquette with a heart capable of passion—a combination which Mr. Bellamy is right in representing as a very dangerous one. The drug-store clerks and the gunsmiths' assistants sigh in vain, or only with the result of passing gleams of favour, until at length one of them, Harry Burr, is luckier. Madeline half engages herself to him, without however having really given him her heart. Then

a more dangerous counterjumper appears on the scene with city manners and a handsome face. Harry is at once discarded and in despair leaves the place. When he returns he hears to his horror that there has been a scandal and that Madeline has disappeared. He hunts for her in Boston, at last finds her, and, regardless of what has happened, once more begs her to marry him. At first incredulous, she at last consents without much knowing what she is doing. But his devotion slowly awakes in her real love for him, and at the same time determines her not to bind him for life to a wife with a dishonoured and rankling memory. The book has begun with a suicide—an episodic one, which it is not necessary to discuss; the reader may be left to discover whether or no it ends with one. But the ending is preluded by a quaint and rather violent conceit of the author's brought in in a fashion which also may be left for the book to explain. Dr. Heidenhoff, of whom the reader may be surprised not to have heard anything all this time, is a physician with a nostrum for taking away the memory of particular deeds by electricity, a process which he maintains not merely to be beneficial to the individual, but of the greatest importance to society. We own that, to our thinking, this part of the book might be cut down, if not cut away, with great advantage. But the story in itself is skilfully and almost powerfully told; the revulsion of Madeline's feelings in the last scenes is drawn with truth and effect, and the total impression of the book is one of unquestionable though rather morbid pathos. The scene in which Madeline and Harry meet again, and she takes his offers for a refined variety of insulting revenge, is worth a wastepaper basketful of the fiddle-faddling triviality with which some industrious and not altogether undeserving writers have recently identified the term American novel, and which some silly Englishmen and Englishwomen seem to take as a new revelation, instead of a skilful pastiche of the style of a hundred and fifty years ago. Mr. Bellamy's characters are not so clever as some of their contemporaries in fiction; but they are made of flesh and blood, not of leather and prunella.

THE PYRAMIDS OF GIZEH.*

II.

AFTER considering all the iconoclasm with which we concluded our last article, it will be well to glance at those old theories of construction which are confirmed, or fresh ones that are suggested, by the new measurements. By applying those principles of "inductive metrology" which he has himself elsewhere explained, Mr. Petrie finds that two measures were used by the Pyramid-builders—one of 20·62 British inches, with a probable error of '01, which he calls a cubit, and the other 7·27, with a probable error of '002, which he calls a digit; but it seems at first sight a strange fact that the cubit is not a simple multiple of the digit. Mr. Petrie, however, points out that "a square cubit is the double of a square of 20 digits, so that halves of areas can be easily stated," or "a square cubit has a diagonal of 40 digits." This relation was suggested by the fact that one of the two great principles of construction found to satisfy the new measurements is that the squares of many of the lines of the Pyramid bear simple numerical relations to each other; the other is that many of the lines bear a π proportion to each other. For instance, the height of the Pyramid is the radius of a circle whose circumference equals the perimeter of the base; and it is worth noting here that a side of the base is 440 of Mr. Petrie's new cubits in length. The width of the King's Chamber is the radius of a circle of which the circumference is equal to the perimeter of a side, and the height is determined by the fact that the length of the chamber is twice the breadth. The height of the end, therefore, is equal to $\pi - 2$ times its width. And this relation determines the form of the section of all the passages, the gallery, and ramps—the passages being $\frac{1}{2}$ th, the gallery $\frac{1}{3}$ th, and the ramps $\frac{1}{4}$ th the size of the end in each direction. We have seen that the coffer is so roughly made that no theory of its construction can be regarded as very probable. Still, the most probable seems to be that its dimensions are all respectively $\frac{1}{4}$ th of those of the chamber.

In the relations between the dimensions of the King's Chamber, given alone, the height is taken to be the height of the walls; but it is well known that the floor is raised above the bottom of the walls. And, taking the height from the floor of the King's Chamber, we find a relation similar to that which holds in all the other chambers, and which Mr. Petrie states as follows:—"The squares of the dimensions of the King's Chamber, the Queen's Chamber, the Antechamber, and the Subterranean Chamber are all even numbers of square cubits, and nearly all multiples of 10. From this it necessarily follows that the squares of all the diagonals of the sides of these chambers, and their cubic diagonals, are likewise multiples of 10 square cubits; and the King's and Queen's Chambers are so arranged that the cubic diagonals are in even hundreds of square cubits, or multiples of 10 cubits squared." The levels at which the chambers were placed seem to have been determined as follows:—"The King's Chamber was placed at the level where the vertical section of the Pyramid was halved, where the area of the horizontal section was half

that of the base, where the diagonal from corner to corner was equal to the length of the base, and where the middle of the face was equal to half the diagonal of the base. The Queen's Chamber was placed at half this height above the base, and exactly in the middle of the Pyramid from N. to S.," and the apex of the "construction chambers is at about the same height above the floor of the King's Chamber as that is above the floor of the Queen's Chamber." Thicker courses were, "perhaps intentionally," introduced in the masonry where the area of the course was a multiple of $\frac{1}{10}$ the base area. The only other relations of any certainty are that the lengths "of the entrance passage, the ascending passage, the antechamber passages, and perhaps the Queen's Chamber passage, are all in round numbers of cubits," while the horizontal length of the "gallery" is equal to the vertical height of its end above the base; and, lastly, "the outer length, at an extreme maximum," of the coffer "may have been $\frac{1}{100}$ of the length of the Pyramid base; and, as the inner length of the second Pyramid coffer has the same relation to its Pyramid, this is rendered the more likely."

These are the theories which are rendered most probable by Mr. Petrie's new measurements. But one naturally asks for a theory, in the wider sense of the word, to account for the mystery of the Great Pyramid. What was it built for? It seems tolerably certain that it was intended for a tomb; but it must have been something more; its builders would hardly have constructed it so exactly for a mere whim. What object, then, had they in taking so much care? and in particular what is the meaning of the grand gallery? These questions Mr. Petrie does not even notice, except to completely overthrow the "accretion theory," yet we cannot leave the subject without asking what explanation is possible.

It is unfortunate that both the books to which we referred at the beginning of our last article, and each of which advocates a "theory," were written before Mr. Petrie had published his vast collection of facts. This is specially true of Mr. Ballard's work; for the author has evidently taken much trouble in calculating details, from data which now turn out to be mistaken. All his new ratios of the dimensions of the Great Pyramid, and, in particular, the relation he points out between them and the ratios of the pentangle, though ingenious, are mere geometrical accidents; the π proportion explaining the facts more nearly than any other theory of construction. His theory of the construction of the second Pyramid is vitiated by his taking a value for its slope which is as much as 24' outside the probable error of Mr. Petrie's measurement of it.

His main theory of the purpose of the Pyramids occurred to Mr. Ballard twenty-three years ago. As he was then passing through Egypt by train, and "noticed their clear-cut lines against the sky, and their constantly changing relative position," he said to himself "Here be the theodolites of the Egyptians." The boundaries of the cultivated lands in the Nile valley must have continually been destroyed, or shifted, by the annual overflows of the river, and the Pyramids, according to this theory, were the great surveying instruments by which they could be readjusted. Direction lines could be determined by the relative positions of the Pyramids as seen from a distance, and the necessity of not confusing their outlines is supposed to be the reason why the third Pyramid was cased with red granite. Mr. Ballard then shows how these direction lines might be very accurately determined with the help of a small model of the group, and be connected with the other groups of Pyramids in the Nile valley, thus forming a vast system of triangulation for the whole country. Each of the obelisks may have marked a point in the direction lines, and the slopes of its sides may have been equal to the apparent slope of the nearest edge of one of the Pyramids as seen from it.

The simplicity and convenience of this use of the Pyramids depends, however, upon certain plain ratios supposed to hold good for the Gizeh group, and from which "a system of trigonometry ensues in which base, perpendicular, and hypotenuse of every triangle is a whole measure without fractions." Unfortunately this system cannot be accepted, for these plain ratios are inconsistent with Mr. Petrie's new measurements; and with them of course is also overthrown the cubit of 20·2 inches, which Mr. Ballard deduces from them.

But, though the simplicity and neatness of Mr. Ballard's theory cannot be maintained, we must not forget Mr. Petrie's kindly warning that, in giving the old theories a "decent burial," we should take care that in our haste none of the wounded ones are buried alive; and it seems to us quite possible that, amongst their other objects, the Pyramids of Gizeh may have been used for the purpose Mr. Ballard supposes.

A theory much more strikingly in agreement with the facts is that suggested in the little book by Mr. Proctor. Proclus has recorded the tradition "that the Pyramids of Egypt terminated above in a platform, from which the priests made their celestial observations." Working out this suggestion, Mr. Proctor supposes that each Pyramid was an astrological observatory, from which the priests "ruled the stars" in favour of its builder. He gives reasons for a probable Chaldean influence in the origin of the Pyramids, and shows how this theory would agree with Chaldean ideas of astrology; and, in particular, why each king needed a separate Pyramid. The entrance passage would be used to orient the Pyramid, and hence would be pointed at some bright star at its lower culmination. A vertical shaft from the lower end of the passage to the surface would allow a plumb-line to be placed due south of another at its entrance. As layer after layer of masonry was added the passage would be continued through the

* *The Solution of the Pyramid Problem.* By Robert Ballard.

The Great Pyramid. By Richard A. Proctor.

The Pyramids and Temples of Gizeh. By W. M. Flinders Petrie.

layers in order to orient each of them separately. Ultimately, however, the passage would reach the surface of the Pyramid, and layers above that could not be oriented. To avoid this difficulty, the ascending passage opens out of the entrance passage at the same angle of altitude, and in the same azimuth; the masonry is built with special exactness at the junction of the two passages, in order to admit of the lower part of the entrance passage being plugged, and water being poured in, for the purpose of orienting the higher layers of masonry by reflection. The ascending passage began at such a point that its floor might reach the level where the vertical section of the Pyramid is halved at a point in the E. and W. plane passing through the Pyramid's axis; and so the vertical face of the step at the head of the grand gallery lies exactly in the E. and W. mid plane of the Pyramid. A purpose is then found for the grand gallery; it is a great transit instrument. Mr. Proctor shows how its form exactly suits this theory; the ramp holes were to hold benches, and probably also eye-pieces for the observers; and the strange groove running along each side of the gallery might be used to carry a screen. The top of the gallery would be purposely excentric in order to allow observers to see from the corners across the centre of the platform. After the King's death his coffin would be placed on the platform, and the King's Chamber built round it, with the passages too small to allow of its exit, and the rest of the Pyramid would be finished.

This theory agrees well with all previously known facts, and it is worth while to inquire how far it agrees with the new facts brought to light by Mr. Petrie. In the first place, no trace of a vertical shaft can be found near the lower end of the entrance passage, though all the so-called "trial passages" in the rock outside are furnished with vertical shafts in exactly the way one would expect; it is possible, however, that such a vertical shaft may have existed, and have been plugged when its use was past. The bright star which may have shone down the entrance passage is a Draconis at either of the dates 3400 or 2200 B.C. Mr. Petrie seems to assume that we are limited to the later date, and rightly asserts that this date is inconsistent with the historical chronology; but his only objection to the older date is that its adoption "omits half the theory (that part relating to the Pleiades)," but Mr. Proctor has shown that the Pleiades were "even more favourably observable from the great meridional gallery" at the older date; and further, that at the later date no bright star could ever have been seen through the ascending passage; while, at the earlier, a Centauri would once a day shine down the whole length of the ascending passage, so that Mr. Petrie's objection on this point seems to fall to the ground.

On the other hand Mr. Petrie shows that the excellence of the building very markedly deteriorates above the level of the King's Chamber floor. The top is not square; the "chambers of construction" are very roughly and badly built; and the rough and inaccurate building of the antechamber and King's Chamber walls suggests, even to Mr. Petrie, who advances no theory on the subject, that "the supervision was less strict as the work went on, owing to more hurry and less care, or owing to the death of the man who had really directed the superfine accuracy of the earlier work." A similar superiority in the work of the lower to that of the upper part is observable in the south Pyramid at Dahshur. All this agrees with Proctor's theory, the inaccuracies all being found above the level of the observing platform, where scientific accuracy ceased to be of any importance.

Of Mr. Petrie's researches into the mechanical methods of the Pyramid-builders we have had no space to speak. It appears that the masons planned the whole of the casing, and probably also the case masonry of each course, before a stone was put on. The whole of the stone was brought from the cliffs of Luzza and Masara, on the east bank of the Nile. The harder stones were cut with bronze tools, jewelled probably with "tough, uncrystallized corundum." Saws, which "must have been probably about nine feet long," tube drills, and even lathes, seem certainly to have been used. The stones were probably raised by rocking, which agrees with the mysterious description of "a machine made of short pieces of wood." The overflowing of the Nile would allow of an enormous levy of forced labour during the three months in which all agricultural work had to be suspended; and Mr. Petrie discovered a vast system of barracks to the west of the second Pyramid which would accommodate four thousand workmen. The skill of the workmen in cementing joints was marvellous. The casing stones were dressed plane, with "an amount of accuracy equal to most opticians' straight edges." The masons "could fill with cement a vertical joint about 5 x 7 feet in area, and only averaging $\frac{1}{16}$ inch thick," and that between stones so large that the joint could not be thinned by rubbing; and "this was the usual work over 13 acres of surface, with tens of thousands of casing stones, none less than a ton in weight." The accuracy of the dressed surfaces was tested by true planes smeared with ochre.

But the most wonderful performance of these great primeval builders is their squaring of the base of the Great Pyramid. It seems impossible that they could have measured the angles without telescopes. Hence we must believe that they corrected their angular measurements by calculating the square root of 2 with extreme accuracy, and then measuring a diagonal. But the rock is found to be higher in the "well" in the middle of the Pyramid than at the edges of the base; it would, therefore, be interesting to ascertain, if it were possible, whether a diagonal trench was levelled across the base. So great is their angular accuracy that the error of nearly 4' in the orientation seems to be strong evi-

dence that a change must have taken place in the position of the earth's axis.

None of the other Pyramids or the temples at Gizeh show the same accuracy as the Great Pyramid, and hence their measurements taken and carefully recorded by Mr. Petrie are not of the same interest or importance.

OLD MEXICO.*

THERE is certainly a revival of interest in Mexico. After the failure of the French attempt to plant a monarchy there the country relapsed into its customary state of chronic anarchy, and little was heard of it for the next ten years. The thin end of the wedge had, however, been driven in by the completion of the railway connecting the capital with the sea at Vera Cruz, and slowly but surely has something of civilization and order crept up the iron road. Not that any high standard has been attained as yet, but it is not too much to say that the old state of isolation has passed away never to return, and that mere contact with the rest of the world cannot fail to influence for good the whole future of the country. Our information respecting the social condition and general aspect of Mexico has hitherto been chiefly drawn from books of no very recent date, written by those whose duties compelled them to reside there in some official or commercial capacity; but the growing facilities for travel are already beginning to draw thither the omnivorous tourist, and we may expect an increased crop of books on a country at once so little known and possessed of so many attractions.

Mr. Bishop's volume on "Old Mexico and her Lost Provinces" bears the imprint of an English publishing firm, but one does not need to read further than the first sentence before the spelling shows us that it is written by an American. Portions of it have already, in point of fact, appeared in the *New York Nation* and in *Harper's Monthly*. It is well illustrated with numerous woodcuts, and written in an agreeable, if a somewhat desultory style. Mr. Bishop went by sea from New York, by way of Cuba, to Vera Cruz. This in itself is a journey of eleven days, longer in time than he would have occupied in going to Europe, in spite of its being the country contiguous with his own. "It was instead a case of going to a land remote far beyond its distance in miles; shrouded in an atmosphere of mystery and danger; little travelled or sought for; the very antipodes of our own, though adjoining it; venerable with age, though a part of the new world; and said to have been suddenly awakened from slumber by the first touches of a phenomenal new development." Fifteen years ago there were certainly more Englishmen than Americans in Mexico. English capital and Cornish miners were developing her mines; what little foreign trade existed was chiefly in the hands of English houses; London bondholders had lent money to successive Governments, and the Vera Cruz Railway was in course of construction by an English Company. Since their war with Mexico in 1848 the United States had got all they wanted from her, and had quite enough to do in developing their recent acquisitions to prevent them from turning their attention to their Southern neighbour. Subsequently, the Civil War having swept the American carrying trade from the seas, but little intercourse was maintained between the two countries. The demand for railways in every direction which has recently grown up in Mexico has lately attracted numbers of American engineers thither, and now tourists are following in their wake. Mr. Bishop found the system of railway construction very different to what it is in the States. In the latter, railways have been enabled to spread over the sparsely populated districts of the West by means of a system of grants from Government of extensive tracts of land on either side of the line, sometimes as much as every other square mile; by subsequent sale of these lands to emigrants the Companies have recouped themselves for their outlay, and at the same time provided a source of local traffic. In Mexico there existed no great vacant public domain, so the Government at first attached to each concession a subsidy of from 10,000 dollars to 15,000 dollars a mile. This was soon found to be too heavy a burden for the Exchequer, so recent charters have had no subsidy given with them, but certain privileges have been accorded instead to atone for its absence; material and supplies for the road are admitted duty free for twenty years, and a higher scale of charges is permitted. Neither the concession, property, nor shares can be alienated to any foreign Government.

While expressing a certain enthusiasm and hopefulness as to the prospects of the numerous railways now projected in Mexico, Mr. Bishop does not fail to utter a word of warning as to their being overdone. The United States, he points out, built railroads in advance of settlement, depending upon immigration to support them. Mexico has scarcely any immigration, and presents few inducements to it at present. All that her railways have to depend on therefore is the local carrying trade and the development of her own natural resources. Mr. Bishop does not consider that a parallel situation is to be found in the United States, but rather in countries such as Russia and India, which have a large peasant population to be developed, instead of a new population to be created. Mr. Bishop was struck with the extent to which the business of Mexico is already in the hands of foreigners, and he is

* *Old Mexico and her Lost Provinces: a Journey in Mexico, Southern California, and Arizona by way of Cuba.* By William Henry Bishop, Author of "Detmold" &c. With Illustrations. London: Chatto & Windus. 1883.

no doubt right in attributing this chiefly to the revolutionary condition of the country, which subjected the natives who had acquired any ostensible wealth to constant exactions from the contending parties—exactions from which foreigners were partly exempt. Till recently the only form of wealth was the possession of land, as is the case in all undeveloped countries. The higher branches of trade and manufactures are generally introduced in such circumstances by foreigners who have practised them in a better organized community. We might find an example nearer home. Are not the names of Lombard Street and the Jewry evidence of something similar in England? The growth of a middle class is always a late phase in the evolution of a community. Without counting the two short-lived empires of Iturbide and Maximilian, there have been fifty-four Presidents in fifty-six years. It was not till 1848 that, for the first time, the Presidency was transferred without violence and under the law. Still, Mr. Bishop, in reviewing what has been accomplished under Porfirio Diaz and Gonzalez, the late and present holders of the office, is of opinion that their administrations, though not without their faults, are a vast improvement upon those of their predecessors, and do not, at any rate, constitute a declining ratio. Hitherto there has been absolutely no remedy for oppression but in rebellion. At the present moment there seems to be a weariness of fighting, and people have come to the conclusion that a bad Government is preferable to a good revolution. Not only will the railways prove to be a power on the side of order by enabling the Government to mass its forces at points of danger, but also they furnish useful and profitable employment to many who formerly had no occupation save plunder under the banners of some insurgent chief. Great administrative abuses, however, still exist—though Mexico is not singular in this—corruption is rife, and while the Government and all holders of office have opportunities for galling oppression, the people have no practicable redress in the ballot. It is nominally open to them, but few care to vote. Such opposition as there is, and all contests for office, turn on personal matters, and not on principles.

The accounts given by the author of different excursions which he took in the vicinity of the capital are exceedingly graphic. He made it his business to study the people in quiet, out-of-the-way places; he is consequently able to paint the people at home, and to supply those small touches of local colour which most travellers omit as too insignificant to record. The lakes, or rather lagoons, which lie at a short distance from the capital, and are connected with it by canals, afford an easy mode of communication. Happily for the lovers of the picturesque, steamboats have not yet been introduced; large flat-bottomed boats are poled along by three or four Indians on each side, who walk down towards the stern as far as the cabin, pushing from their shoulders, and then return up the middle to the bows to begin again, each man as he returns holding his pole horizontally at arm's length over his head so as to clear the heads of those who are still pushing. In this manner Mr. Bishop made the tour of Lakes Xochimilco and Chalco, and afterwards crossed Lake Texcoco to the old capital of that name. There he spent some days in the quiet interior life of the country, and occupied himself in witnessing the destruction of an old Aztec pyramid, which the owner was pulling down in order to get building material. These pyramids are composed of sun-dried bricks piled up at a very low angle, and are generally so weatherworn outside as scarcely to be distinguishable at first sight from natural knolls. Mr. Bishop was fortunate enough to be present at the finding of an important fragment of a bas-relief, seven feet by five, of which he gives a sketch; it represented part of the figure of a warrior, and contained a small calendar circle somewhat similar to the famous one let into the wall of the Cathedral at Mexico. Of antiquities, as such, Mr. Bishop professes himself to be no great admirer, but he has a keen eye for the beauties of the old Spanish street architecture—the flat roofs so well adapted to the climate, with the long spouts to carry the rain-water clear of the side walks; “the welcome *portales*, shady in sunshine and dry in the wet”; the scroll-work and carving and gay patterns in blue and yellow tiles on the fronts of many houses; the rich and quaint rococo ornamentation of the churches both inside and out—all these call forth repeated expressions of admiration. Mr. Bishop remarks that very little has been added to what the Spanish domination left; the modern movement since 1821 having little to be placed to its credit in the way of new buildings. There is an interesting chapter on “Mines and Mining Traits,” chiefly gathered from a visit to those at Pachuca and Real del Monte; the various processes for “beneficiating” the ore are described, and a *résumé* is given of the mining laws. An account of the author's ascent of Popocatepetl, some 3,000 feet higher than Mont Blanc, and a chapter full of information on Mexican agriculture, derived from a most agreeable week's sojourn at a *hacienda*, bring to a close the portion of the book devoted to Old Mexico. The isolation of the central table-land is such that even at the present day there exists no complete wheel track from the capital to the Pacific; the journey to Acapulco consumes ten days on horseback, besides the day occupied in going by diligence to Cuernavaca, where the bridle-path begins. In spite of warnings as to the impracticability of the road during the rainy season, Mr. Bishop accomplished it successfully in the company of an intelligent Mexican colonel, and took the steamer for San Francisco.

The second portion of the work relates to the Lost Provinces—namely, California, Nevada, and the vast regions west of the Mississippi, out of which some half-dozen States and Territories have been carved since their incorporation into the Northern Union. So vast are these regions that, on the accession of the

Emperor Iturbide, Mexico was able to boast of being, with the exception of Russia and China, the most extensive empire in the world. San Francisco is well described and illustrated. Often as it has been described of late, its growth has been so rapid that every traveller can find something new to say of the City of the Golden Gate. It was, however, Southern California that Mr. Bishop had marked out as his field of travel—i.e., that portion of the State which lies south of San Francisco. This favoured region, upwards of five hundred miles in length, has only recently been opened up by the Southern Pacific Railroad, which traverses the centre of the State in a direction nearly parallel with the coast, down to Fort Yuma, close to the Mexican boundary near the head of the Gulf of California, and thence strikes eastward through Arizona to join the railway system of the Southern States. Except during the rainy season the ground is mournfully bare and brown; during even months of the year not a blade of grass is to be seen, though you have but to run water on it by irrigation to make the land do whatever you please. The wine-growing industry is being rapidly developed, chiefly by foreigners from the South of Europe, Italians, Portuguese, and Hungarians; in some of the vineyards scarcely a word of English is spoken. Americans, not having yet acquired the habit of looking on wine as a necessity of every-day consumption, do not take naturally to its production. Chinamen are servants in the mining camps, the ranches, and the houses of the better class; they supply labourers for the railroad, the factory, and the field. Mr. Bishop remarks that every settlement of the Pacific slope has its Chinese quarter, just as mediæval towns had their Ghetto for the Jews; denoting then as now social ostracism on the one hand, and indomitable clannishness on the other. As you go South cattle-raising becomes the leading industry, and cotton-growing has been tried with fair success. The lack of fuel prevents the development of manufactures. At the Tehachapi Pass, the Sierra Nevada and the Coast Range, between which the railroad runs, effect a junction, and the line descends by a wonderful piece of engineering into Southern California proper. “Here the country is older, the Spanish names are more musical; orange and lemon are not grown for ornament, but as a principal crop; and the climate is of that genial mildness which is most to the taste of seekers for health.” So marked is the difference below this mountain barrier that there is a call for the construction of a distinct new State, to be named South California, with its capital at Los Angeles. The Mexican element here forms something like one-third of the population, though it is but seldom that a Spanish name rises into prominence in the public affairs of the State of which they were once owners. The Mongolian is the labourer, the Mexican the small shopkeeper, but the overlordship belongs to the Anglo-Saxon, who, down to the limit of the tropics, on the Pacific as on the Atlantic coast of the New World, has, by his superior energy, secured to himself the harvest originally planted by other hands.

COURTHOPE'S ADDISON.*

BESIDES the Procrustean limits of the “Men of Letters” series, its authors sometimes labour under this disadvantage—that they succeed to other writers whose portraits, rightly or wrongly, have taken fast hold of the popular intelligence. Not a few readers of to-day, for instance, date their impressions of Steele, of Addison, of Swift, of Sterne, from those famous lectures which Thackeray delivered, now some thirty years since, at Willis's Rooms. His method, we must imagine, was not the method of the biographer, but of the novelist. Perhaps the highest kind of life-making combines both ways; but in Thackeray's case the novelist was certainly predominant. If one may guess at the manner of his work, it must be assumed that he saturated his mind with the literature and surroundings of those of whom he was to speak, then flung his materials aside and let his recollections ferment in his “study of imagination.” These memories would therefore stand in lieu of those “scraps and heel-taps” of observation from which he created Fred Bayham and Captain Costigan. The personages of the lectures, in short, were evolved much in the same manner as the personages of *Esmond*, which he was writing at the time, and in which some of them appear. The Steele of the lectures is the same Steele who in the book compares my Lady Castlewood to Niobe and Sigismunda; the Addison is the same Addison to whom, in his garret in the Haymarket, Queen Anne's young captain explains the Battle of Blenheim. The result, as we know, was not wholly unassailable. Tried by the foot-rule and compasses of fact, it was easy to detect minor discrepancies in the details; and even, as some admirers of Swift and Sterne did not scruple to declare, in the portraits themselves. But to most people they were more truthful than the truth. They possessed one incalculable advantage, they were realizations, more full of life than if they lived, by a great and unrivalled painter of character. They laughed and wept, they fell and rose again, they impressed their individualities upon us; they became the standards by which, in virtue of their warm blood and vital power, we should test all later likenesses. And it is the misfortune of their modern biographers, approaching their theme however conscientiously—testing, searching, correcting, comparing, however minutely and laboriously—that we involuntarily contrast them with the author of *Esmond* and *Barry Lyndon*.

* Addison. By W. J. Courthope. London: Macmillan & Co.

For this reason the reader's first impression of Mr. Courthope's *Addison* will probably be one of disappointment. If he takes up the book with the expectation of finding a vivid character-piece, or of having his existing impressions deepened and confirmed, he will not find or experience what he anticipates. Mr. Courthope has not conceived his functions after this fashion. What he has attempted is rather to record all of Addison's life-history that seems to be authentic, to disprove and discard what is unworthy of credit, to place him accurately in the conditions that influenced his career, and to estimate the nature and influence of his gifts. This is the scientific method. It has its defects to the general reader, who likes colour, and contrast, and exaggeration, and is wont to find it cold and judicial; but it has also its usefulness. It can be trusted, which, *au siècle où nous sommes*, is no small thing; and especially it can be trusted when the writer is not a partisan. As the editor of Pope, Mr. Courthope has the strongest temptations to partisanship. But, although his sketch of Addison is perhaps over-liberal in its references to Pope, there is not the least sign of any undue leaning to the *mens curva in corpore curvo*; and his commendation of Addison's collaborator, Steele, whose "large heart" (he excellently says) "seems to rush out in sympathy with any tale of sorrow or exhibition of magnanimity" is generous and discriminating. He is even willing to allow that "there is scarcely a department of essay-writing developed in the *Spectator* which does not trace its origin to Steele." Steele's admirers would of course claim for him much more than this. They would claim for him at least equal rank with Addison as "chief architect of Public Opinion in the eighteenth century." But a biographer of Addison may be pardoned if he declines to go quite so far. For ourselves, we regard Steele as the originating, and Addison as the elaborating, intellect in a joint enterprise. Neither would have been quite successful without the other; and, as a matter of fact, they always were less successful when acting independently.

As might be expected, Mr. Courthope has devoted one of his chapters to the famous portrait of "Atticus." That he adds very much to the story it would be difficult to say; but he tells it carefully, and with as much lucidity as the inextricable mystifications of Pope's correspondence enable him to do. The exact truth will probably never be known. But the general result of Mr. Courthope's examination is entirely against Pope, and briefly stated comes to this—that Pope wrote the lines when smarting under what he supposed to be Addison's unfair advocacy of Ticklell's *Iliad*, and that he invented a perfect network of falsehood and prevarication to justify their publication after Addison's death. This view derives fresh confirmation from Mr. Courthope's patient and quite destructive examination of Pope's story, alleged to be derived from young Lord Warwick, that Gildon had been prompted by Addison to attack Pope, a story which, for the future, may be wholly disregarded. But it is characteristic of the biographer's general impartiality that he is quite willing to concede a certain disposition on Addison's part to

Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne;

and he admits that it is the admixture of a certain modicum of skillfully heightened truth with absolute falsehood which gives their deadly malignity to Pope's unrivalled lines.

There are other points in which, declining to rely upon picturesque statement from doubtful quarters, Mr. Courthope clears Addison's character. He shows that his traditional incompatibility with Lady Warwick rests in reality upon nothing better than one of Pope's innuendoes; and that, mere tittle-tattle set aside, there is evidence that their relations were wholly satisfactory. As regards the intemperance sometimes alleged against Addison, he points out that Bishop Berkeley described him as "a very sober man." Again, with respect to Johnson's statement that he was unequal to the duties of his office of Secretary of State, Mr. Courthope makes it clear that this originated in the report of his enemies, and that his sudden retirement is sufficiently accounted for by his failing health. For these and other minor rectifications our best thanks are due to Mr. Courthope, and not least for his happy application to his hero of Hamlet's words:—

Thou hast been
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;
A man that fortune's buffets and rewards
Has ta'en with equal thanks; and bless'd are those
Whose blood and judgment are so well co-mingled
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please.

We have passed over much in this little book which deserves an ampler notice, and especially some of its purely critical pages. Enough, however, has been said to indicate its general characteristics. As we have implied, it can make no pretence to being a finished study of character. Nor, for lack of material, can it claim to be an exhaustive biography. But it may be fairly described as a trustworthy, straightforward, and enlightened sketch of one of the two greatest of the periodical essayists.

ALARIC WATTS.*

ALARIC ALEXANDER WATTS—or, as it pleased the wicked but not unfriendly wit of Lockhart to call him, Alaric Attila Watts—was not a poet of the first order, nor indeed entitled in any way to be classed as a man of great mark, but he is

* *Alaric Watts: a Narrative of his Life.* By his Son, Alaric Alfred Watts. 2 vols. London: Bentley & Son. 1884.

well entitled to receive the biographical notice which is now offered of him by his son. He wrote verses, some of which obtained the praise of good judges in his own time, and occupied a place of importance among the journalists and editors of the period to which he belonged. He was concerned in the creation and conduct of many newspapers and periodicals, and his career was one of usefulness, as well as of honour and credit to himself. He was best known perhaps in connection with the "Annals," one of the worthiest of which was started and continued by him. These now almost forgotten publications were of no small service in their time. They carried pretty bits of art and dainty little morsels of literature into many houses into which neither art nor literature of any kind would otherwise have found their way; and if the art was not of the highest, nor the literature of the very best, their function at the time must not be scorned on that account. Pictures by good artists, and engraved by the best hands, were reproduced and made known in them; while the earliest received crumbs from the tables of Scott and Campbell, and in the latest might be read contributions from Tennyson and Ruskin. Mr. Watts may naturally be inclined to overrate their influence, but it would be impossible to deny to them a considerable share in promoting a taste for art during the years in which they flourished. If they did nothing else, they may at least be credited with having awakened a desire for better things, and in justice to them we are not altogether prepared to say that this desire has been properly satisfied by the cheaper and still more popular publications devoted to the encouragement of art in the present day.

The introductory chapter by the biographer, entitled "The Age of Sentiment," might well have been spared. It was not wanted as a preface to his father's life, and its views will not be universally accepted. It professes to lay out a poetical epoch, beginning with Bowles in 1791, and culminating with the present Poet Laureate (whom may the Muses long preserve), about which there is much room for discussion, without, however, refusing to recognize for Bowles the place he so well merits in any mention of the poetry and poetical history of his times.

Of good middle-class descent, and born in 1797, Alaric A. Watts received as a boy such indifferent education and treatment as the ordinary schools of the day could afford. At an early age, and with a very commendable desire for independence, he obtained employment as an usher in a school, and presently became private tutor in the family of the fashionable dentist Raspini, whose name survives on the labels of various preparations for the teeth still to be found in chemists' shops. He lived, and lived handsomely, in Pall Mall, opposite to Carlton House, then occupied by the Prince Regent, and the young tutor here enjoyed the opportunity of mixing with a good deal of amusing and interesting company. He made acquaintance with Peter Pindar, Mrs. Inchbald, Colton, the eccentric author of *Lacon*, with Lady Hamilton, and Lord Byron, and various other notabilities of the day. A short period of service as a clerk in a public office was succeeded by another term of employment as an assistant in a school. This was at Runcorn in Cheshire, then little more than a country village, and contributions from the young man's pen now began to make their appearance in the poet's corner of various provincial newspapers. A more important step in his literary career was made when a poem of his was printed in 1818 in the *Edinburgh Magazine*, which was soon to become *Blackwood*, and under that name to survive all its contemporaries, and also to outlive, in perpetual youth, a vast number of younger competitors. At the early age of twenty-two Alaric Watts for a short time assisted in the editorship of the *New Monthly Magazine*, and from this time the nature of his future career was decided. He now made the acquaintance of Maturin, and had already attained such a position that he was asked by him to superintend the production of his tragedy of *Fredolpho* at Covent Garden, the account of which is given from the autobiographical narrative which frequently furnishes the best materials for his son's work. The unfortunate play was supported by Miss O'Neill, C. Kemble, Young, and Macready, who details its history and condemnation in his *Reminiscences*, and mentions also the part taken by Watts in bringing it out.

Some lines by J. W. Wiffen, subsequently the translator of Tasso, which attracted the notice of Alaric Watts while engaged on the *New Monthly*, were destined to exercise the most important influence on his welfare and happiness, for they led him to make the acquaintance of their author, and he was the brother of his future wife. All that is told of this lady makes her appear as a person of remarkable and delightful qualities. The letter in which she rebukes the dangerous haste with which her impetuous lover sought her hand after an acquaintance of only four days is a model of womanly tact and tenderness, while a charming little postscript is added to prevent the destruction of his hopes. She belonged to a family of Quakers, and after an engagement of some duration, she incurred the penalty of excommunication from that exclusive body on uniting herself to a husband who did not belong to the Society of Friends. She must have been personally as attractive as she was in other respects. "What shoulders that child has," said of her Georgina, Duchess of Bedford, their great neighbour at Woburn; and, later on, Sir Thomas Lawrence said, "I have seen a lady with the most beautiful hands!"

For three years Alaric Watts wrote for the *Literary Gazette*, the first weekly periodical of its kind, at that time in full power and prosperity, and the only one exercising the functions which have since been performed by the *Athenaeum* and so many other

publications more or less resembling it. In this Alaric Watts gained some note by his illustrations of Lord Byron's plagiarisms, some of which are now reprinted. They are ingenious after the manner of such things, and show much acquaintance with general literature.

A connexion with the art publishing firm (as they would now be called) of Hurst, Robinson, & Co., the successors of Boydell, and now represented by Graves & Son, in Pall Mall, led to much immediate advantage, but in the end proved disastrous. Of Mr. Robinson, a Yorkshireman, it is amusing to find that he was the veritable philosopher who attracted the admiration of Coleridge at a dinner-party by his silent and respectful attention to all he said, but who forfeited his good opinion by breaking silence to greet the appearance of some apple dumplings with "Them's the jockies for me!"

The young couple married in 1821, and in the following year was published a volume with the title of *Poetical Sketches*. Lamb and Coleridge admired it, and it met with fair success. But poetry seldom pays bakers' and butchers' bills; and more remunerative employment was found in editing a Tory paper, the *Intelligencer*, at Leeds; and this was followed by a removal to Lancashire, to edit and assist in starting the *Manchester Courier* in that town. We now approach the days of the "Annuals," of which the first was "The Forget-Me-Not," published by Ackermann in 1823. Next year came "Friendship's Offering"; and then also appeared "The Literary Souvenir," edited by Alaric A. Watts, of which more than six thousand copies were sold within twelve months, and which continued an existence of many years. "The Keepsake," in 1856, was the last of the Annuals.

A chapter on "The Blues" is amusing enough, and one is made acquainted with Miss Benger, Miss Jane Porter, and Miss Spence. The story of the hungry pressman who ate up all the slender provision made for the evening refreshment of an expected literary party is exceedingly droll. To this succeeds a more serious chapter, in which is told the bankruptcy of Hurst, Robinson, & Co., consequent on the great commercial crash of 1825; and for some time to come the pecuniary circumstances of Alaric Watts were the reverse of comfortable. The account of Wordsworth given by Mrs. Alaric Watts is a capital one. Never was he better appreciated. She was surprised at being told, after having quoted some lines from Coleridge's *Christabel*, that it was an indelicate poem, and records the impression that Wordsworth's sympathies were rather with his predecessors than his contemporaries in poetry. When Mrs. Watts named Milton's *Lycidas* as the finest elegiac in the language, he said, "You are not far wrong. . . . *Lycidas* and my *Laodamia* are twin immortals."

The connexion of Alaric Watts with the *Standard* commenced in 1827, and the first of a series of visits to Paris, a year or two afterwards, extended his field of operations for the acquisition of materials for the art of the *Literary Souvenir*. This contained in its issue for 1829 an engraved portrait of Sir Walter Scott, of which Lockhart wrote at the time to the editor that it was by far the best that had yet appeared. It is wonderful that Mr. Watts could not be content to leave this alone, and that he must needs quote from the Life of Scott Lockhart's mention of the same thing as "an indifferent print for one of the 'Annuals'"; or that he should not have omitted both opinions. Alaric Watts's warfare with *Fraser's Magazine* seems to have begun with personal attacks on himself, to which he was so imprudent as to retaliate in a poem, most inappropriately published in the *Literary Souvenir* for 1832. This provoked a thoroughly reckless and unjustifiable libel in the magazine, for which an action was brought, and Watts recovered the very moderate sum of 150*l.* as damages. The late Chief Justice Erle, then at the Bar, was counsel for *Fraser*, and had really nothing to say for his client but to quote from the *United Service Gazette*, then edited by Alaric Watts, some very intemperate language which he had allowed himself to print in order to vilify the magazine and the writers in it. He had a hot temper, and certainly had been scandalously provoked, but it was unfortunate for him that he had yielded to the temptation of returning blow for blow. To him, however, the occasion was one for congratulation on the large amount of sympathy and regard called forth by it from so many men whose friendship was of the greatest worth. Wordsworth, Southey, Edwin Landseer, Wilkie, Professor Wilson, Bowles, Macready, and others sent letters the reading of which must have gone to the heart of the man who received them. Such flagrant personalities in the press are now all but unknown, and this episode in the life of Alaric Watts need be remembered only for the sake of rejoicing in the contrast which exists in this respect between the present age and that of fifty years ago.

The "Lyrics of the Heart" appeared in 1850, and it is now twenty years since the death of Alaric Watts took place, his later life having been passed in comparative quiet and repose. The record now given of him is no less than he deserved, and contains much readable matter and interesting anecdote; but why does Mr. Watts use such words as "exuberant," "impatience," "scurril," and "stercoracities"?

A HISTORY OF LONDON—SUPPLEMENT.*

THE readers of Mr. Loftie's admirable *History of London* will be gratified by receiving their "Supplement" of appendices. They consist of four—the first upon the Grosvenor, Berkeley, and

Maddox estates; the second upon the early lists of aldermen and wards; the third upon the history of London trade; and the fourth upon the old buildings which still exist in the City. We are really grateful to Mr. Loftie for his little treatise on the "Trade of London," which is not only valuable for the information given, but for the hints and suggestions which it offers to those who wish to follow up the subject. How the trade of London grew up after that of the Low Countries was destroyed; how the latter was revived to be destroyed again during the Spanish troubles; how the French possessions of England helped to make London rich; how the Steelyard merchants tried to get the English carrying trade into their own hands; how monopolies and vexatious Customs regulations hindered trade; how the silk-weavers settled in Spitalfields; and how the trade of London gradually spread out in every direction—Mr. Loftie tells too briefly, in a dozen pages. One ventures to hope that he may some day expand his chapter into a volume.

As regards the ancient buildings which still remain in the City, the Norman Period is represented by nothing more than the crypt of St. Mary-le-Bow. The east end and apse of St. Bartholomew's in Smithfield, which is also Norman, is outside the City. Parts of Guildhall belong to the thirteenth century; part of the chapel of St. Peter in the Tower, St. Helen's, and St. Ethelburga belong to the fourteenth century. Crosby Place is of the fifteenth; St. Giles, Cripplegate, St. Andrew Undershaft, and St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, are of the sixteenth; St. Catherine Cree and All Hallows, Barking, belong to the seventeenth. To the same period belongs that delightful haven of rest called Sion College.

We must not leave the "Supplement" without recording that, in the "City of London in 1710" and the map showing the registration districts, Mr. Loftie has made a most useful addition to the wealth of illustrations which he had already lavished upon the two preceding volumes of this work.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT IN OUR HOMES.*

THE author of this little book, in his preface, explains that it has grown out of lectures which he has delivered in most of the principal towns of England during the past twelve months; in most places it still retains the lecture form. Though the first excitement about electric lighting may perhaps have died out in the public mind, yet the near approach of a public supply of electricity for lighting purposes by different Companies who have obtained provisional orders under the Electric Lighting Act must make the subject of domestic electric lighting one of considerable public interest. We can safely say that hardly any book has yet appeared better suited than that under consideration to give the general reader a good idea of the mechanism and advantages of domestic electric lighting. In his preface the author makes a sort of apology for using certain analogies which he fears may be slightly shocking to the purely scientific mind; but on reading the book one of the most salient points is found to be the excellent way in which a sound scientific mode of thought is combined with a popular mode of expression. Although Mr. Hammond boldly in his title-page acknowledges his connexion with a particular Company, there is no trace throughout the book of any undue attempt to make it a mere trade advertisement. Mr. Hammond goes over in a bright and readable way all the old ground as to the advantages of incandescent electrical lighting in ordinary dwelling-houses, and supports the well-known arguments in favour of this mode of lighting by a large number of facts and statistics. He points out how an ordinary gas-light consumes more oxygen than five human beings, and calls attention to the fact that, if any one went into an ordinary room and found it lighted by six gas-lights, he would feel uncomfortable probably, but would not complain; but if he went into the same room when no gas was burning, and found thirty people sitting in it, he would cry out at the overcrowding and the closeness of the atmosphere. He also points out what is well known, that gas light is not content merely with robbing the atmosphere of its oxygen and throwing off water and carbonic acid, but also throws off corrosive fumes, and states that he found that at Leeds recently a very large number of books in the library had to be rebound because their bindings had been entirely destroyed by the fumes from the gas. It is hardly necessary at the present day to state that incandescent electrical lighting consumes no oxygen and gives no fumes or gases.

Mr. Hammond not only points out this, and shows how in many large shops and warehouses many gallons of water are produced and thrown into the air nightly by the present system of gas lighting, but he carefully goes into the whole question of cost, both of small, private, independent installations of electric incandescent lighting and of larger installations suitable for hotels and theatres, and the question of cost is also considered from the point of view of public Companies supplying large areas. His contention is, and he supports it by a considerable quantity of well thought out evidence, that it is worth while in all large establishments to start electric lighting at once, using a gas-engine and dynamo on the premises. Mr. Hammond, we think, fairly proves his case that, even whilst obliged to make use of the private plant, there would be certainly no loss on the annual expenses for any large

* *A History of London—Supplement.* By W. J. Loftie. London: Stanford. 1884.

* *The Electric Light in our Homes.* By Robert Hammond (The Hammond Electric Light and Power Supply Company, Limited). With Original Illustrations and Photographs. London: Warne & Co.

elaborately decorated building by adopting this plan; and that when a public electric lighting Company brings its mains past the building all that will have to be sacrificed will be the gas-engine and dynamo, for which probably a fair price can at all times be realized. The question of cost in private installations is illustrated by statistics taken from the lighting system at his own house, and the book is illustrated with several photographs of the principal rooms in that house. Mr. Hammond has obviously given considerable attention to the question of how best to arrange the lights so as to get the maximum lighting power with the greatest beauty of effect, and his plan of placing the incandescent lamp in the centre of a metal shield fixed against the wall appears both to be a good one as far as getting light effect goes, and, further, to lend itself to artistic treatment; but we do not find that Mr. Hammond has quite realized the great advantage of obtaining large illuminating power from a small number of lamps which incandescent electric lighting affords. He seems in many of his arrangements to group many lamps together in one lantern or chandelier. Now there is little doubt that the best lighting effect from the fewest lamps is to be obtained by distributing the lights as uniformly as possible over the area to be lighted, and the plan of simply hanging the lamps by their conducting-wires from the ceiling will probably not only give the best light but also the most pleasing artistic effect. Mr. Hammond, we are glad to find, differs from most authorities on the question of the compulsory purchase clauses of the Electric Lighting Act. He holds that these clauses by no means form a bar to the supply of electrical energy for lighting purposes at a reasonable price, and the realization of a fair profit by the supplying Company. His arguments and the figures by which they are supported will require close examination, not only from the point of view of the consumer who only lights his premises, but also from that of the consumer who desires to use electrical energy for motive power.

It would be almost impossible here to analyse and discuss all the points touched upon in this small volume. We must content ourselves by saying that on the whole the information given is perfectly scientific and trustworthy, and that the whole book is so pleasingly and brightly written that any one, however little acquainted with the technicalities of science, will find that it will afford him a most pleasing hour or two's reading.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

THE second volume of the Reports of the Tenth Census of the United States (1) is devoted to manufacturing statistics. A few of its results, if not belonging exactly to the domain of literature proper, have a political, social, and economical significance which may render them interesting to our readers. The total value of manufactured products, including alike lumber and iron, cereals and textile fabrics, throughout the United States, has increased from about 1,000 millions of dollars in 1850, and less than 1,900 millions in 1860, to 4,200 millions in 1870, and 5,300 millions in 1880, the year of the last Census. In thirty years the number of hands employed had nearly trebled, having risen from 955,000 to 2,718,000. The increase of wages paid was just fourfold, rising from 236 millions in 1850 to 941 millions in 1880. The cost of materials in the latter year was 3,380 millions, giving apparently a gross profit of about 1,000 millions on a capital of 2,775 millions, or about 36 per cent. Of the total products, 4,700 millions and upwards belong to the North and North-East, 465 millions to the South, and only 144 millions to the West. Of the Northern total, Massachusetts claims 630, New York 1,080, Pennsylvania 744, Ohio 348, and Illinois 415 millions. Of the Southern States Kentucky stands first with 75 millions, Tennessee, the next in rank, having but 37; California, the only important member of the Western group, manufactures products worth 116 millions of dollars. Of the principal manufactures, leather, including boots and shoes, counts for 380 millions; flour for upwards of 500; iron, steel, and machinery for about the same; lumber for 270; meat, not including the sales of retail butchers, for 300; sugar and molasses for 156 millions; tobacco for 117. Of textile fabrics, manufactured woollen goods amount to 267, cotton to 210, and clothing to 240 millions. It is obvious that American statisticians count as manufactured products many articles which would hardly be included by English economists among the manufactures of Great Britain; and that in more than one case, as for example in that of clothing and textile fabrics, the same goods are reckoned in a sense twice over, a very large part of the woollen and cotton cloth woven in American mills forming the raw material of American-made clothing. The total value of malt and distilled liquors is reckoned only at 142 million dollars, a surprisingly small amount, but evidently not including the heavy Excise duty. The cost to the consumer is probably twice as great. Another interesting public document is the *Report of the Comptroller of the Currency* (2), a Report which covers nearly the whole financial business, public and private, of the country, giving the resources and liabilities of national banks, their capital, profits, circulation, deposits, and loans, as well as the amount of notes and specie held

against the circulation. The total number of banks of all sorts in the United States is 7,450, with a capital of 717 millions, and deposits amounting to no less than 2,900 millions of dollars. Of these the so-called national banks are 2,308, with a capital of 484 and deposits of 1,120 millions. The money in circulation is estimated at 1,523 millions, of which about 700 millions consist of legal tender and national bank-notes in not very unequal amounts. The total of gold in circulation is estimated at 582, that of silver coin at something more than 242 millions. But the amount of bank-notes in circulation has decreased during the year by nearly 11 millions; while the coin has increased by no less than 68 millions, divided in very nearly equal proportion between the two metals. The amount of standard silver dollars coined under the law passed at the instance of the bimetallicists some few years ago is nearly 157 million dollars, of which 116 millions remain in the Treasury. But against the latter the banks and individual citizens hold certificates redeemable in silver for more than 85 millions; while only 40 millions of silver dollars are actually in circulation. The interest-bearing debt on the 1st of November, 1883, amounted to 1,273½ [1,293½?] millions, of which 738 bore interest at 4, 250 at 4½, and 305½ at 3 per cent. The amount held by the banks as security for circulation was no less than 349 millions. The Director of the Geological Survey has put forth a very interesting volume on the mineral resources of the United States (3)—stores of coal and iron, to say nothing of copper and the precious metals, of almost incalculable amount and inestimable value. The total gold production of the United States during the last year is calculated at 32 millions of dollars.

Dr. Ely holds two economical professorships in somewhat distant quarters. It is easy, and not very unusual, for a distinguished scholar to lecture one day in University College, London, and the next in Cambridge. The duties of an Associate Professor of Political Economy in the Johns Hopkins University at Baltimore and in the Cornell University at Ithaca, N.Y., must, if the sessions of the two faculties are contemporaneous, involve a good deal of rapid and somewhat fatiguing railway travelling. The Professor has nevertheless found time to publish a little treatise whose bulk by no means adequately represents the amount of information it contains, still less the labour by which it has been acquired. His account of French and German Socialism (4) is necessarily a mere abstract, but an abstract which appears to give a fair, if not a minute or detailed, view of the principal tenets of each of the leading teachers enumerated, from Babeuf, Cabet, and Saint-Simon to Louis Blanc and Karl Marx. The writer's temper is thoroughly candid, and his treatment of the wild and sometimes almost crazy theories of French and German dreamers appears even more than forbearing. Too much space, perhaps, is given in so small a volume to the extravagances of the leading French Socialists, and too little to the more practical and consistent views of their German rivals and coadjutors. The work, in truth, is in the main a review of the course of French Socialism and Communism, as taught by men who drew their inspiration from the madness of the Revolution, combining the most extravagant ideas of the philosophers and philanthropists who paved the way for the Reign of Terror with the reckless determination and sometimes the ruthless ferocity of their meaner successors. The notice given to the countrymen and collaborators of Karl Marx is given, as it were, by the way, as a sort of appendix or sequel to the more thorough and connected sketch of the views of Fourier, Proudhon, and Lassalle, though even that sketch is of necessity little more than an outline. The author's remarks on the feudal system, with its closer connexion of classes, its formal recognition of mutual duties, its firmer social organization, are useful if by no means novel. Familiar to every English student of history or political economy, they will, we suspect, startle not a few of Dr. Ely's American readers as an unheard-of and amazing paradox.

Mr. Hubbard's account of his travels in the autumn of 1881 among the lakes and forests of Northern Maine (5) has all the merits and interest that such a work can have; the interest attaching to graphic descriptions of scenery, to a lively narrative of such trivial adventures and disasters, pleasures and hardships, as English sportsmen yearly experience in the wilder parts of Norway or of the Scottish Highlands, with the advantage, at least for English readers, of a certain degree of novelty. It is by no means the first or the fullest description we have seen of that which may be called the Highland region of New England; a vast, almost unpeopled territory covered with primitive forests, mapped out indeed by surveyors, but as yet unsettled, in great part unappropriated; visited only by sportsmen or lumberers, uninhabited by Railway Companies or even by road-makers; full of game in spite of the inroads made upon their haunts by woodsmen in quest of food, or adventurers like the author killing merely for sport; a playground as yet open to all, almost as accessible to the citizens of Boston, New York, or Philadelphia as Sutherland or Inverness to Londoners, wanting alike in the wildness and the variety of

(3) *Department of the Interior—United States Geological Survey: Mineral Resources of the United States.* By Albert Williams, jun. Washington: Government Printing Office. London: Trübner & Co. 1883.

(4) *French and German Socialism in Modern Times.* By R. T. Ely, Ph.D., Associate Professor of Political Economy in the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, and Lecturer on Political Economy in Cornell University, Ithaca, N.Y. New York: Harper & Brothers. London: Trübner & Co. 1883.

(5) *Woods and Lakes of Maine: a Trip from Moosehead Lake to New Brunswick in a Birch-bark Canoe.* By Lucius L. Hubbard. Illustrated. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1884.

(1) *Department of the Interior, Census Office—Report on the Manufactures of the United States at the Tenth Census (June 1, 1880).* Washington: Government Printing Office. London: Trübner & Co. 1883.

(2) *Annual Report of the Comptroller of the Currency to the First Session of the Forty-ninth Congress of the United States.* Washington: Government Printing Office. London: Trübner & Co. 1883.

Highland scenery, but boasting lakes and rivers surpassing those of Scotland almost as much in size and number as in freedom from "improvement" and intrusion. The birch-canoe, carried now and then across a watershed or along the banks of an impracticable stream, is launched on rivers or on chains of lakes, along whose shores the adventurer may paddle for days and weeks together, landing only to encamp at night, or to chase the deer and smaller game that abound in the woods, and of course are most easily tracked in the neighbourhood of the waters. The valleys of the Allagash and the Penobscot, though they present no points from which, as from a Scottish or Cumbrian mountain-top, the eye may range over a wide expanse of wild and varied scenery, afford chains of lakes, large and small, abounding in attractions alike to the sportsman and the lover of nature, and offering a retirement such as is hardly now to be found in the most sequestered regions of Northern or Eastern Europe; lakes so numerous and so remote from civilization that some of them are hardly named, and one or two appear to be but roughly and approximately laid down upon the map. The excellence of the type, the choice and execution of the illustrations, are worthy of a narrative always readable and generally interesting; the more agreeable that the writer is quite as much naturalist as sportsman, sympathizes even with the victims of his gun or rod, and takes yet more pleasure in studying than in destroying the harmless inhabitants of these quiet woods and waters. He has observed the dams of the beaver, the note of the loon, the tricks of the playful and thievish squirrel, and even the haunts and habits of chub so tame that, after being fed from time to time with the *débris* of the camp, they would swarm around a hand dipped into the lake, waiting for the expected meal; so undisturbed and fearless that after a single day's acquaintance they would crowd round the hand lowered palm-upward among them, and snap and pull at the soaked bread held between thumb and finger; so daring that when lifted by handfuls out of the water, though scattered for a moment, they would come back and jostle one another in quest of the food held out to them.

A widow writing her husband's biography at the request of his friends has an irresistible and almost unlimited claim on the consideration and forbearance of the harshest or weariest critic. There was nothing in the career of the Reverend Charles Lowe (6), a useful and estimable, but by no means an especially distinguished, Unitarian minister in Massachusetts, that called for a biography extending to six hundred pages. It is impossible to read the extracts from his letters and diaries without learning to like the man, to understand how dear he had become to his friends, his colleagues, and his parishioners, and how naturally they desired to retain some memorial of a useful, honourable, and happy, if quiet and uneventful, life. It is equally easy to perceive why every incident of such a career, every remembrance of the joys and sorrows shared together, has for his biographer a charm and a sacredness that render her incapable of estimating aright its value and interest to others. Every one of the innumerable recollections crowding on her memory as she wrote was to her, at least, as well worth preservation and record as the most characteristic traits of a great soldier or distinguished statesman. But for that very reason some friendly critic should have been permitted to revise the manuscript, to judge what letters were too exclusively domestic, what passages too sacredly personal, what parochial and domestic trifles too insignificant to be given to the world.

Mr. Wilstach's translation of Virgil (7) has merits beyond question. It bears marks on every page of industry and scholarship; but the scholarship is not of that high order which alone could make a new version of the most familiar, save perhaps Horace, of the Latin poets necessary or desirable. Not only is the versification itself defective, but the language is artificial, prosaic, and ill-chosen. It would be difficult, perhaps, to translate Virgil in that style of archaic simplicity which would best represent the simple majesty of Homer. The *Æneid* especially is, after all, but an imitation, and a comparatively feeble imitation; and no one probably would dream of attempting to render it in any of those antique ballad-metres which have often been recommended as the fittest equivalent in which the English tongue could render the magnificent hexameters of the *Iliad*. But blank verse, in proportion as to a certain class of versifiers it is the easiest to write, is of all verse the least essentially poetic; that which most demands that the thought, tone, spirit, and language should give the charm that is not inherent in the form. In the hands of a writer like Mr. Wilstach it is apt to become a stiffer, harsher, clumsier kind of prose. Such lines as

By heavenly thrones put forth, urged on by wrath
Of Juno cruel, which no slumber soothed
And which no lapse of memory made less harsh,

have no pretension to be poetry, and can hardly be called verse. And these are decidedly the least harsh and clumsy of a dozen passages we might select at random from almost any page, whether of the *Æneid* or the *Georgics*.

Make gifts and venerate low the gentle nymphs,
For difficult foes the Napeæ are not,

is neither poetry nor verse, neither prose nor English. The writer

(6) *Memoir of Charles Lowe*. By his wife, Martha Perry Lowe. Boston: Cupples, Upham, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1883.

(7) *The Works of Virgil, translated into English Verse*. By J. A. Wilstach. 2 vols. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1883.

who on the same page gives us "ultraly" for "ultro" might surely have translated "faciles" by "facile"; but the meaning of course is "placable," not, as the note has it, "affable."

Dr. Brinton's monograph on *Aboriginal American Authors* (8) is one of those chapters in the history of literature for which the writers receive less gratitude, perhaps, and less reward in the way of popularity, or even of distinction, than they deserve, but whose value critics and scholars are the more bound to recognize and acknowledge. The memoir is founded on a paper read before the International Congress of Americanists which sat in Copenhagen in August last; an assemblage of those scholars who have undertaken the study of the primitive languages of the New World, a study full of archaeological interest and promising a contribution of almost unrivalled value to philological science. The native tongues of America are unhappily almost extinct. None of them had an extensive literature; many, perhaps most, had produced no books whatever; some had not even a written alphabet. But in some cases at least, like the Aztec, the Maya and Peruvian tongues, they were the languages of great and civilized nations, of powerful and well-organized empires; the ruins of whose monuments and cities, even after the ruthless havoc of the Spanish conquest, after ages of desolation and neglect, still bear witness that their creators can hardly have been inferior, whether in material progress and resources or in political civilization, to the subjects of the princes who built the walls of Babylon and the Pyramids and temples of Egypt. Unhappily Spanish barbarism destroyed the literary much more completely than the material monuments of the Mexican and Peruvian Empires. Deliberately and of malice prepense, actuated by a bigotry exactly analogous to, but much less excusable, than that of Omar, they burnt whole libraries; collected as far as was in their power the entire body of manuscripts possessed by the conquered peoples, recording their history, their laws, their agriculture, their science, their civil, astronomical and religious calendars, and committed them ruthlessly to the flames. Their persistent attempt thus to annihilate the traditions of Heathenism was too successful; nine-tenths of the Maya, Nahuatl, and Peruvian literature, the native records of Central and South American civilization, have perished beyond possibility of recovery. There are, however, a few ancient manuscripts still preserved; a few works, moreover, written in the native, as well as a somewhat larger number in the Spanish, tongue by native pupils of the conquerors—Indians who had adopted Spanish names and Spanish manners, but had not wholly lost—nay, sometimes cherished all the more fondly because secretly—their love for the ideas, their pride in the greatness of their ancestry. Here and there, moreover, descendants of the more savage and ignorant tribes, who had neither literature nor alphabet of their own, have preserved through the machinery of the conquering civilization the tongue or the traditions of their forefathers. There are histories of the Wyandots, of the Six Nations, of the Algonquins, and of the Cherokees, written either in their own or in the English language, by men of Huron, Tuscarora, and Cherokee lineage. Descendants of Peruvian and Mexican princes have studied and recorded the antiquities of their race, though for the most part in the tongue which has superseded their own. On the other hand, we find a manuscript collection of Esquimaux tales preserved in the tongue of Greenland, with an English translation and illustrations by native artists. There is, again, a printed pamphlet relating in dialogue the journey of an Esquimaux to Europe, and his return, and another, profusely illustrated, describing the traditions, manners, weapons, and habits of the primitive people of Baffin's Bay. There is, again, a brief history of the Delawares or Mohicans, written in their own idiom; a book of rites of the Iroquois, also in their native dialect. A translation of a tribal history of the Muskokrees or Creeks, written in red and black characters on the skin of a young buffalo, was sent to London and lost in the first half of the last century; but a translation made by some Moravian missionary has been preserved, and is, it seems, known to Dr. Brinton. The Cherokees have a so-called alphabet, syllabic in character, in which they have printed in their own tongue a few insignificant papers. Boturini collected more than forty fragmentary manuscripts in the Nahuatl language, one of which, a history of the kingdoms of Culhuacan and Mexico, has been actually printed and published; and there are in Spanish libraries hieroglyphics and other Mexican and Nahuatl works not easily understood, perhaps, but possessing in some cases a considerable historical interest, in all an almost inestimable philological value. Unfortunately not a few of the latter were written long after the conquest, when the native tongue had been deeply corrupted by the introduction of Spanish words and forms. Altogether there exist beyond doubt materials from which a patient and persevering research might extract a clear and sufficient knowledge of the principal native languages of America, a general outline of the history of its greatest empires, and a much fuller knowledge of their laws, religion, arts, and ceremonies than we yet possess. The third volume of Dr. Brinton's *Library of Aboriginal American Literature* (9) is unfortunately a disappointing work.

(8) *Aboriginal American Authors and their Productions: a Chapter in the History of Literature*. By Daniel G. Brinton, A.M., M.D., Member of the American Philosophical Society, &c. Philadelphia: 115 South Seventh Street. London: Trübner & Co. 1883.

(9) *Brinton's Library of Aboriginal American Literature—No. III. The Güegüence: a Comedy Ballet in the Nahuatl-Spanish Dialect of Nicaragua*. Edited by Daniel G. Brinton, A.M., M.D. Philadelphia: D. G. Brinton. London: Trübner & Co. 1883.

The introductory chapters afford a large amount of curious information regarding the less civilized tribes of Central America, their traditions, manners, and language, and still more their religious and social ceremonies, their rude arts, songs, music, and dances. But the work to which this introduction is prefixed has little historical or philological value. It is written, not in the Nahuatl or Nahuatl, but in what Dr. Brinton calls the Nahuatl-Spanish dialect of Nicaragua, a dialect mainly Spanish in form and syntax, and containing apparently many more Spanish than Nahuatl words. It is a comedy, but a comedy whose scene is laid after the conquest under the Spanish Government, and in that state of society which resulted from the blending of Spanish and native blood, and, to some extent, of Spanish and native thought and feeling.

As a translation of a very interesting treatise very little known in this country, Dr. F. Horn's *History of Scandinavian Literature* (10) will no doubt commend itself to many of our readers.

Mr. Hunt's *Poetry of other Lands* (11) is a collection of translations in English verse from Greek, Latin, French, German, Spanish, Italian, Dutch, with a specimen here and there from Servian, Polish, and even Japanese poetry, arranged unhappily not in chronological or ethnical order, indeed in no intelligible order whatsoever.

Miss Harland's *Cottage Kitchen* (12) will be welcome to many English housekeepers, to whom it will introduce in a cheap and available form many of the simplest and most popular receipts of American cookery. The American *cuisine*, as most of our readers know, in so far as it is national, can hardly be called an improvement on our own. The pie which forms so important and universal a dish is simply abominable; whether made of pumpkin or apple, peaches or blackberries, it is equally unwholesome, over-sweetened, and, for the most part, tasteless. But in variety of cakes and in the various forms of vegetable cookery we have certainly something to learn from our Transatlantic kinswomen; more, possibly, from the negro cooks of the South.

Where did Life begin? (13) is the title of an ingenious little monograph suggesting that, since the earth must have cooled faster at the Poles than at the Equator, life must have begun in and spread from the Arctic regions. The doctrine is supported by a variety of arguments, deduced partly from misconceived facts of physical geography, partly from imperfectly apprehended or misapprehended views put forth by such writers as Darwin and Wallace—especially the latter—regarding the distribution of animal and vegetable forms over the Old and New World.

Swinton's *School Readers* (14) deserve a mention, perhaps, but no more. The first and second, intended for young children, might be found acceptable in infant schools and nurseries; the later volumes of the series might better be replaced by any connected works of history or travel, or even of fiction, suited to a child's intelligence.

The Cleverdale Mystery (15) is a coarse and bad imitation of works that have attracted deserved attention, even more in England than in their native country; a clumsy, ill-constructed, ill-written story of political and personal dishonesty and corruption, with all the improbability and little or none of the vigour of caricature. *A Hero's Last Days* (16) contains some effective touches illustrating the feelings and views of worn-out veterans of the Confederate war and Southern planters of the last generation; but treats for the most part of religious and social, rather than political questions, and throws no new light upon any. The author's *Sequence of Songs* (17), again, derives its purpose and motive from the same source, but lacks the spirit and fire which could alone interest a new generation in the memorials of a great but half-forgotten conflict.

A Day in Athens with Socrates (18) contains translations of several passages from the *Protagoras* and the *Republic* of Plato, so far well translated as to give in tolerable English a fair idea of the meaning, if hardly of the force and spirit, of the original.

(10) *History of the Literature of the Scandinavian North, from the most Ancient Times to the Present.* By F. W. Horn, Ph.D. Translated by R. B. Anderson. Chicago: Griggs & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1884.

(11) *The Poetry of other Lands.* Compiled by N. Clemmons Hunt. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates.

(12) *The Cottage Kitchen: a Collection of Practical and Inexpensive Receipts.* By Marion Harland. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. London: Trübner & Co. 1883.

(13) *Where did Life begin?* A Monograph. By G. Hilton Scribner. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1883.

(14) *Swinton's I., II., III., IV., V., and VI. Readers.* New York and Chicago: Ivison, Blakeman, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1883.

(15) *The Cleverdale Mystery; or, the Machine and its Wheels.* By W. A. Wilkins. New York: Fords, Howard, & Halbert. London: Trübner & Co.

(16) *A Hero's Last Days.* By Nepenthe. Columbia, South Carolina: W. J. Duffie. London: Trübner & Co. 1883.

(17) *A Sequence of Songs.* By the Author of "The Golden Fence" &c. Columbia, South Carolina: W. J. Duffie. London: Trübner & Co. 1882.

(18) *A Day in Athens with Socrates.* Translations from "The Protagoras" and "The Republic" of Plato. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1883.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

WHEN the reverend and eloquent Dominican who is the author of *Les Allemands* (1) tells us that he "refoulait sans hésiter les répulsions instinctives de son patriotisme," we know pretty well that he is likely to indemnify himself for the sacrifice. Père Didon resisted the repugnances of his patriotism to the extent of getting matriculated at Berlin; but he has made amends to them by publishing an eloquent patriotic sermon in three hundred pages. There is no need here to examine the correctness of his picture of the German Universities; it is, indeed, not a very novel one, and descends little into detail, the main point which seems to have struck him being the *camaraderie* of the students. His book is in effect an energetic, if not a vigorous, appeal to France to go and do likewise, or rather, as he puts it, to go and do better. The advice would be excellent if it were given in a somewhat less contentious spirit. To Père Didon the German University is one of the main causes which have given Germany the Continental primacy; and, as he is desperately anxious that France should recover that primacy, he would like France to imitate the German University. Again, it is difficult to repress a smile at the reproachful contrast which he draws between the secularization of French education and the ubiquity of theological studies and religious instruction in Germany. The latter country is not generally supposed to be a home of orthodoxy or of religious fervour. There is, however, an inspiring earnestness about Père Didon and a kind of sanguine belief in his own ideals, even if they are nothing higher than the "primauté de la France," which is both refreshing and respectable. Perhaps he will give us a visit in our turn to see what morals he can get out of us for French improvement. If so, he will probably discover that his idea of Oxford and Cambridge as furnishing hardly any recruits to the professions is only one of those agreeable notions—very suitable for deductive purposes, but having no visible relation to the facts of the universe—in which Frenchmen so greatly delight.

M. Deschanel (2) has continued the task which he began in a volume on Corneille and Molière by publishing two volume of lectures on Racine. The apparently paradoxical title—*Le romantisme des classiques*—is fairly borne out by the contents, though it is of course merely an occasion for giving somewhat greater piquancy to a hackneyed subject and for indicating passages in which Racine is animated by something more and better than a merely "correct" spirit, besides showing in general what the tendency of his work is. The book is a better one than the Corneille volume, and will take a very respectable rank among Racine literature. The author has the great advantage of being a reasonable worshipper, and it is not a disadvantage that, if he errs at all, he errs rather on the side of worship than of reason. For he does not for a moment pretend to the absurd position of those who say that no foreigner can understand Racine, that he is something so esoteric and sublime that only Frenchmen can appreciate him properly, and who, saying this, do not perceive that they are paying Racine about the worst compliment possible.

A careful and exhaustive book of travel on the country which M. Leger handles in his book on the Balkan peninsula (3) would be a really valuable thing, but we do not at present know that it exists. M. Leger's work is only a contribution towards it, but the author knows the literature of his subject well, and is no new traveller in Slavic lands. The occasion was a summer trip from Laybach to Constantinople in 1882. M. Leger appears to be somewhat on the Russian side in the Russo-Austrian quarrel for the peninsula, though he seems to hope for a united Bulgaria rather than for the success of either.

M. Perrier's "Zoological Philosophy before Darwin" (4), which appears in the *Bibliothèque scientifique internationale*, deserves honourable mention. In one volume of less than three hundred pages (even ample and closely printed ones) such a subject can of course only be summarized. But M. Perrier has executed his summary with knowledge and judgment.

The *Bibliothèque utile* of the same publisher has been increased by a brief sketch of palæontology, written by M. Zaborowski (5), who is a practised hand at this kind of compilation.

M. Jouast has published, and M. Georges d'Heylli has edited, a very pretty reprint of *Le glorieux* (6), the masterpiece of a dramatist who was not only a dramatist, but a soldier, a diplomatist, a man of fortune, a great landed proprietor, and governor of a city. All these are good things when a man is alive; but perhaps when he is dead it is better that he should have written such good plays as *La fausse Agnès*, *Le philosophe marié*, and *Le glorieux*.

Collections of popular books of science are common everywhere nowadays, but the peculiarity of those which M. Rothschild publishes, and of which two are before us (7), is that they are got up like keepsakes or birthday-books, with gay bindings, red edges,

(1) *Les Allemands.* Par le Père Didon. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(2) *Le romantisme des classiques—Racine.* 2 vols. Par E. Deschanel. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(3) *La Save, le Danube et le Balkan.* Par L. Leger. Paris: Plon.

(4) *La philosophie zoologique avant Darwin.* Par E. Perrier. Paris: Alcan.

(5) *Les mondes disparus.* Par S. Zaborowski. Paris: Alcan.

(6) *Le glorieux.* Par Destouches. Paris: Librairie des Bibliophiles.

(7) *Les animaux utiles.* Par R. Boulart. *Le microscope.* Par Hager et Planchon. Paris: Rothschild.

fine paper, and abundant illustrations. It is difficult to believe that this can have any bad effect on their matter, and it certainly improves their form.

M. Figuier's *Année scientifique* (8) is one of the books whose appearance it is only necessary to mention. The volume for last year appears in good time.

M. Henri de Parville's *Causeries scientifiques* (9), of which four annual volumes have just simultaneously made their appearances, are of the same class as M. Figuier's. Their articles, however, are written rather more in essay form, and the subdivisions are less numerous. They are thus less suited for reference, and more for continuous reading.

(8) *L'année scientifique et industrielle*. Par L. Figuier. Paris: Hachette. 1883.

(9) *Causeries scientifiques*. Par H. de Parville. 4 vols. 1879-1882. Paris: Rothschild.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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112 Strand, February 1884.

EDMUND E. ANTHOUS, Hon. Sec.

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To be held at the CRYSTAL PALACE. The Directors of the Crystal Palace Company, London, will hold at the Crystal Palace an International Exhibition of Arts, Manufactures, and Scientific, Agricultural, and Industrial Products. The Exhibition will be opened on St. George's Day, the 23rd of April, 1884, and will remain open for a period of at least six months.

Prospectuses, entry forms, and all information may be obtained from the Executive Commissioner, or any of the Official Agents.

The arrangements for the Fine Arts Section are under the direction of Mr. J. Forbes Robertson, 25 Charlotte Street, Bedford Square, W.C.

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February 19, 1884.

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Candidates must furnish satisfactory evidence of age, graduation, and other points, the particulars of which may be obtained on application to the Secretary of the Trust; and the names and addresses of all Candidates must be sent to the Secretary, at University Hall, on or before October 1, 1884.

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University Hall, Gordon Square, London, W.C.

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SOCIETY of ARTS, John Street, Adelphi, London, W.C.

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The COUNCIL of the SOCIETY of ARTS have had placed at their disposal, by Mr. WILLIAM WESTGARTH, a member of the Society, a sum of £1,500, to be awarded in Prizes for Essays on the above subjects.

The Essays must be sent in to the Secretary of the Society of Arts, John Street, Adelphi, not later than December 31, 1884. The Essays must be printed. No Essays can be received in manuscript. The Essays should be accompanied with such Maps, Plans, Drawings, &c., as may be necessary.

Further particulars may be obtained on application to the Secretary of the Society of Arts, at the above address.

H. TRUENAM WOOD, Secretary.

TO MASONS and PAVIORS.—The Commissioners of Sewers of the City of London will meet in the Guildhall of the said City, on Tuesday, the 4th of March, 1884, at half-past Twelve o'clock precisely, to receive Tenders for the execution of all such Works of Stone Paving in the carriageways, and in the footways severally of the said City, as may from time to time be required during the term of three years commencing at Lady-day now next ensuing, upon the terms contained in a Specification which may be seen and copied at this Office.

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The Commissioners do not pledge themselves to accept the lowest tender, or any, unless deemed satisfactory, and all tenders must be delivered in before Twelve o'clock on the said day of tender.

The parties sending in proposals must attend personally before the Commissioners, or by a duly authorized agent, at half-past Twelve o'clock on the said day.

HENRY BLAKE, Principal Clerk.

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REPORT of the DIRECTORS, presented at the 78th ANNUAL MEETING at the Office, on Wednesday, January 30, 1884.

The Directors have to report that the transactions of the Provident Life Office during the year 1883 have been highly satisfactory.
Proposals for new Assurances amounting to £670,000 were received. Policies for £575,520 were issued and taken up, producing new annual Premiums amounting to £19,770, as against £18,211 for the previous year. These Assurances and new annual Premiums respectively represent the actual net amounts. No re-assurances were effected during the year.
The Proposals, declined and not completed, amounted to £101,500.
The Claims for the year were £108,353, being £29,416 more than the corresponding sum for 1882.
The annual income is now £310,371, being an increase of £9,308.
During the year the sum of £19,020 was paid for the surrender of Policies. The values paid upon Bonus Policies ranged from 35 per cent.—the minimum surrender value—to as much as 75 per cent. of the Premiums received.
The total Funds of the Office on December 31 last were £3,283,284, being an increase of £24,197, a result very satisfactory considering the special extra payments required to be made on account of the recent division of Profits. The average interest realized was 4 1/2 per cent., as against 4 1/4 in 1882.
The large measure of public support received by the Provident Life Office—as shown in the still increasing amount of new business—is gratifying evidence that persons desirous of effecting Assurances are wisely alive to the advantages given by an Office which has all the experience to be gained from a successful existence of seventy-eight years, and which is ready to adapt its practice to the requirements of the present day.

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